The
SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1871. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2550.

FLEEING FROM THE BANDITS.

STRONGHAND;

A HORACE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A EXCHANGE OF SHOTS.

The county extending between the Sierra de San Sabas and the Rio Puerco, or Dirty River, is one of the most mournful and melancholy regions imaginable.

This second savannah, on which bleach unrecognizable skeletons, which the wind and sun strive to convert into dust, is an immense desert, broadcast with gray rocks, beneath which snakes and wild beasts have, from time immemorial, formed their lurking-places, and which only produces black shrubs and stunted arches that rise from distance to distance over the desert.

White or Indian travellers rarely and most unwillingly attempt to cross this frightful solitude, at the risk of lengthening their journey (they prefer making a detour and following the border, where they are certain of finding wood and water—those delights of tropical countries and indispensable necessities for a big trip on the western prairies.

Towards the second half of June—which the Navajo Indians call the "strawberry moon," in the harmonious language—and in the Year of Grace 1843, a horseman suddenly emerged from a thick clump of oaks, sumachs, and mahogany trees, entered the savannah at a gallop, and, instead of following the mal travellers' track, which was distinctly traced on the edge of the sand, he began without any hesitation crossing the desert in a silent line.

This resolve was a mark of great folly, or a proof extraordinary daring on the part of a scary man, however brave he might be; other some imperious reasons compelled him to lay aside all prudence in order to run his journey's end more speedily.

However, whatever the motives that might determine the traveller, he continued his journey rapidly and buried himself deeper and deeper in the desert, without seeming to notice the gray and desolate aspect the landscape around him constantly assumed.

As this person is destined to play an important part in our story, we will draw his portrait in a few words. He was a man of from twenty-five to thirty years of age—belonging to the fine Mexican race, of average height, and possessed of elegant manners; while his every movement, graceful though it was, revealed far from ordinary strength. His face, with regular features and bright hue, evidenced coolness, bravery, and kindliness; his fine eyes, haughty and well open, had a direct and penetrating glance; his well cut mouth, adorned with dazzling white teeth, was half concealed beneath a long brown mustache; his chin, of too marked an oval, perhaps, denoted a great firmness of character; in short, his whole appearance stood interest and attracted sympathy.

As for his dress, was the Mexican costume, in all its picturesque richness. His broad-brimmed Vicuna skin hat, decorated with a double gold and silver *galilla*, was carelessly set on his right ear, and allowed curls of luxurious black hair to fall in disorder on his shoulders. He wore a jacket of green velvet, magnificently embroidered with gold, under which could be seen a worked linen shirt. An Indian handkerchief was fastened round his neck by a diamond ring. His *calzoneras*, also of green velvet, held round his hips by a red silk gold-fringed *faja*, were embroidered and slashed like a jacket, while two rows of pearl-set gold buttons ran along the opening that extends from the boot to the knee. His vaquera boots, embroidered with pretty designs in red thread, were fastened to his legs by silk and gold garters, from one of which emerged the admirably-carved hilt of a long knife. His zarape, of Indian fabric and showy colors, was folded on the back of his horse, an animal full of fire, with fine legs, small head, and flashing eye. It was a true prairie mustang; and its master had decorated it with the coquettish elegance peculiar to Mexican horsemen.

In addition to the knife we referred to, and which the horseman wore in his right boot, he had also a long American rifle laid across his saddle-bow, two six-shot revolvers in his girdle, a *machete*, or species of straight sabre, which was passed, unsheathed, through an iron ring on his left side; and, lastly, a *reata* of plaited leather, rolled up and fastened to the saddle.

Thus armed, the man we have just described was able—on the admission that his determined appearance was not deceitful—to make head against several adversaries at once, without any serious disadvantage. This was a consideration not at all to be despised in a country where a traveller ever runs the risk of encountering an enemy, whether man or beast, and at times both together.

While galloping, the horseman carelessly smoked a husk cigarette, only taking an absent and disdainful glance at the covers of birds that rose on his approach, or the herds of deer and packs of foxes which fled in terror on hearing the horse's gallop.

The savannah, however, was already beginning to assume a more gloomy tinge; the sun, now level with the ground, only appeared on the horizon as a red unheated ball, and night was soon about to cover the earth with its dense gloom. The horseman drew up the bridle of his steed to check its speed, though not entirely stopping it, and, casting an investigating glance around him, seemed to be seeking a suitable spot for his night halt.

After a few seconds of this search, the traveller's determination was formed. He turned slightly to the left, and proceeded to a half-dried-up stream that ran along a short distance off, and on whose banks grew a few prickly shrubs and a clump of some dozen larches, forming a precarious shelter against the curiosity of those mysterious denizens of the desert that prowl about in search of prey during the darkness.

On drawing nearer, the traveller perceived to his delight that this spot, perfectly hidden from prying glances, by the conformation of the ground and a few blocks of stone scattered here and there among the trees and shrubs, offered him an almost certain shelter.

The journey had been tiring; and both man and horse felt themselves worn with fatigue. Both, before proceeding further, imperiously required a few hours' rest.

The horseman, as an experienced traveller, first attended to his steed, which he unsaddled and led to drink at the stream; then, after hobbling the animal for fear it might stray and become the prey of wild beasts, he stretched his zarape on the ground, threw a few handfuls of Indian corn upon it, and when he was assured that his horse, in spite of its fatigue, was eating its provender willingly, he thought about himself.

Mexicans, when travelling, carry behind their saddle two canvas bags, called *alforjas*, intended to convey food, which it is impossible to procure in the desert; and these, with two jars filled with drinking water, form the sole baggage with which they cover enormous distances, and endure privations and fatigue, the mere enumeration of which would terrify Europeans, who are accustomed to enjoy all the conveniences supplied by an advanced stage or civilization.

The horseman opened his alforjas, sat down on the ground with his back against a rock, and, while careful that his weapons were within reach, for fear of being attacked unawares, he began supping philosophically on a piece of tassajo, some maize tortillas, and goat's cheese as hard as a flint, the whole being washed down with the pure water of the stream.

This repast, which was more than frugal, was soon terminated. The horseman, after cleaning his teeth with an elegant gold toothpick, rolled a pajillo, smoked it with that conscientious beatitude peculiar to the Hispano-Americans, and then wrapped himself in his zarape, shut his eyes, and fell asleep.

Several hours passed; and it is probable that the traveller's sleep would have been prolonged for some time, had not two shots, fired a short distance from him, suddenly aroused him from his lethargy. The general rule on the prairie is, that when you hear a shot, it is rare for it not to have been preceded by the whistle of a bullet past your ear—in other words, there are ninety-nine reasons in a hundred that the lonely man has been unconsciously converted into the target of an assassin.

The traveller, thus unpleasantly aroused, seized his weapons, concealed himself behind a rock, and waited. Then, as after the expiration of a moment, the attack was not renewed, he rose softly, and carefully looked around him.

Not a sound disturbed the majestic solitude of the desert. But this sudden tranquility after the two shots, instead of reassuring the traveller, only augmented his anxiety, by revealing to him the approach of a certain danger, though it was impossible for him to divine the cause or the magnitude.

The night was clear, and, so to speak, transparent; the sky, of a deep blue, was studded with a profusion of sparkling stars, and the moon shed a white and melancholy light, that allowed the country to be surveyed for a long distance.

At all hazards he saddled his horse; then, after concealing it in a rocky cavity, he lay down, placed his ear to the ground, and listened. Then he fancied he could hear a long distance off a sound, at first almost imperceptible, but which rapidly approached; and he soon recognized it in the wild galloping of several horses.

It was a hunt, or a pursuit. But who would dream of hunting in the middle of the night? The Indians would not venture in, while white and half-bred trappers only rarely visited these deserted regions, which they abandoned to the savages and border-ruffians; utter villains, who, expelled from the towns and pueblos, have no other shelter than the desert.

Were the galloping horsemen pirates of the prairie, then?

The situation was becoming painful to the traveller when, all at once, the noise ceased, and all became silent.

The traveller rose from the ground.

Suddenly, the shrieks of a woman or girl burst forth on the night, with an expression of terror and agony impossible to depict.

The stranger, leaving his horse in the shelter he had selected for it, dashed forward in the direction whence the cry came, leaping from rock to rock and clearing shrubs, at the risk of hurting himself, with the feverish speed of the brave man who believes himself suddenly called by Providence to save a fellow-being in danger.

Still, prudence did not desert him in his hazardous enterprise; and, before risking himself on the plain, he stopped behind a fringe of larch trees, in order to try and find out what was going on, and act in accordance.

This is what he saw:—Two men, who from their appearance he at once recognised as belonging to the worst species of prairie-runners, were madly pursuing a young girl. But thanks to her juvenile agility—an agility doubtless doubled by the profound terror the bandits inspired her with—this maiden bounded like a startled fawn across the prairie, leaping ravines, clearing every obstacle, and gaining at each moment a greater advance on her pursuers, who were impeded by their vaquera boots and heavy rifles.

A few minutes later, and the maiden reached the belt of trees behind which the traveller had concealed himself. The latter was about to rush to her assistance, when suddenly one of the bandits raised his rifle and pulled the trigger.

The girl fell, and the horseman seemed to change his mind—for instead of advancing, he drew himself back and stood motionless, with his finger on the trigger, ready to fire.

The pirates rapidly approached, talking together in that medley of English, French, Spanish, and Indian which is employed throughout the Far South-West.

"Hum!" said a hoarse and panting voice, "what a gazelle! At one moment I really thought she would escape me."

"Yes, yes," the other answered, shaking his head and tapping the barrel of his rifle with his right hand; "but I always felt certain of bringing her down when I thought proper."

"Yes, and you did not miss her, *caral!* although it was a long shot, and your hand must have trembled after such a chase."

"Habit, compadre! habit!" the bandit answered, with a modest smile.

While talking thus, the two bandits had reached the spot where the body of the girl lay. One of them knelt down, doubtless to assure himself of the death of their victim; while the other, the one who had fired, looked on carelessly, leaning on his rifle.

The traveller then drew himself up, raised his piece, and fired. The bandit, struck in the centre of the breast, sank down like a sack, and did not stir. He was dead.

His companion had started and laid his hand on his *machete*; but not leaving him time to employ it, the traveller rushed on him, and with a powerful blow of the butt-end on his head, sent him to join his comrade on the ground, where he rolled, half killed.

The traveller, taking the bandit's *reata*, then firmly bound his hands and feet; and, easy in mind on this point, he eagerly approached the maiden. The poor girl gave no sign of life, but, for all that, was not dead; her wound, indeed, was slight, as the pirate's bullet had merely grazed her arm. Terror alone had produced her fainting fit.

The stranger carefully bandaged the wound, slightly moistened her lips and temples, and, after a comparatively short period, had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes again.

"Oh!" she murmured, in a voice soft and melodious as a bird's song, "those men—those demons! Oh! Heaven! protect me!"

"Reassure yourself senorita," the traveller answered; "you have nothing further to fear from those villains."

The maiden started at the sound of this strange voice; she fixed her eyes on the stranger without giving him any answer, and made an instinctive movement to rise. She doubtless took the man who had spoken for one of her pursuers. The latter smiled mournfully, and pointed to the two bandits lying on the ground.

"Look, senorita," he said to her; "you have only a friend here."

At this sight an expression of unbounded gratitude illumined the wounded girl's face, and a sickly smile appeared on her lips; but almost immediately her features grew saddened again. She sprang up, and raising herself on the tips of her small feet, she stretched out her right arm toward a point on the horizon, and exclaimed in a voice broken by terror,

"There, there! Look!"

The stranger turned to the indicated direction. A party of horsemen were coming up at full speed, preceded about a rifle-shot distance by another horseman, evidently better mounted than they, and whom they appeared to be pursuing. The stranger then remembered the furious galloping he had heard a few moments previously.

"Oh!" the girl exclaimed, clasping her hands in entreaty, "save him, senor! Save him!"

"I will try, senorita," he replied, gently; "all that a man can do, I swear to do."

"Thank you," she said, offering him her pretty little hand; "you are a noble-hearted man, and Heaven will aid you."

"You must not remain here exposed to the insults of these men, who are evidently the comrades of those from whom you have just escaped."

"That is true," she said; "but what can I do? Where shall I seek shelter?"

"Follow me behind these trees; we have not a moment to lose."

"Come," she said, resolutely. "But you will save him! Will you not?"

"At least I will try. I have only my life to offer the person in whom you take an interest; and believe me, senorita, I shall not hesitate to make the sacrifice."

The maiden looked down with a blush, and silently followed her guide. They soon reached the thicket in which the stranger had established his quarters for the night.

"Whatever happens," he said, while reloading his rifle, "remain here, senorita. You are in safety in this hollow rock, where no one will dream of seeking you. For my part, I am going to help your friend."

"Go," she said, as she knelt down on the ground; "while you are fighting I will pray for you—and Heaven will grant my prayer."

"Yes," the stranger answered, mournfully, "God listens gladly to the voice of angels, so let us hope for the best."

He leaped on his horse; and after giving a parting glance at the maiden, who was praying fervently, he dashed at full speed in the direction of the new comers. There were five in number—bandits with stern faces and dangerous aspect, who dashed up brandishing their weapons and uttering horrible yells.

The pursued horseman, who on seeing a man emerge so unexpectedly from the thicket, and come towards him at full speed, rifle in hand, naturally supposed that assistance was arriving for his foes, and dashed on one side to avoid a man whom he assumed, with some show of reason, to be an adversary the more. But the bandits were not mistaken when they saw the stranger not only let their prey escape, but stop in front of them and cock his rifle.

Two shots were fired at the same moment, one by a bandit, the other by the stranger, with the difference, however, that the bandit's shot, being fired haphazard, was harmless; while the stranger's, being deliberately aimed, struck exactly in the mass of his serried foes.

A few seconds later, one of them let go his bridle, beat the air with his arms, fell back on his horse, and at length on the ground, tearing with his huge spurs the sides of his steed, which reared, kicked, and started off like an arrow.

A war so frankly declared could not have a sudden termination: four shots succeeding each other with extreme rapidity on either side were a sufficient proof of this. But the stranger's position was growing critical: his rifle was discharged, and he had only his revolvers left.

The revolver, by the way, is a weapon more convenient than useful in a fight, for

if you wish to hit your man, you must fire at him almost point blank, otherwise the bullets have a tendency to stray.

The stranger was, therefore, somewhat embarrassed, and was preparing in his emergency for a hand-to-hand fight, when help he had been far from calculating on suddenly reached him.

The pursued horseman, on hearing the firing, and yet finding no bullets whizzed past him, understood that something unusual was taking place, and that some strange incident must have occurred in his favor. Hence he turned back, and saw one of his enemies fall. Recognizing his mistake, he made up his mind at once: though only armed with a *machete*, he wheeled his horse round and bravely drew up alongside his defender.

Then the two men, without exchanging a word, resolutely dashed at the bandits. The contest was short—the success unhoped for. Moreover, the sides were more nearly equal, for of the five pirates only four were now alive.

The attack was so sudden, that the pirates had not time to reload. Two were killed with revolver-shots. The third fell with his head severed by a *machete* blow from the horseman, who was burning to take an exemplary vengeance; while the fourth, finding himself alone, leaped his horse over the corpses of his comrades, and fled at full speed without attempting to continue longer a combat which could not but be fatal to him.

The two men consequently remained masters of the battle-field.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE PRAIRIE.

When the last bandit had disappeared in the darkness, the horseman turned to his generous defender, in order to thank him; but the latter was no longer by his side, and he saw him galloping some distance off on the plain.

The horseman knew not to what he should attribute this sudden departure—(for the stranger was following a direction diametrically opposite to that on which the pirate had fled)—till he saw him return, leading another horse by the bridle.

The stranger had thought of the young lady he had so miraculously saved; and on seeing the horses of the killed bandits galloping about, he resolved at once to capture the best of them, in order to enable her to to continue her journey more comfortably; and when the animal was lassoed, he returned slowly towards the man to whom he had rendered so great a service.

"Senor," the horseman said, as soon as they met again, "all is not over yet; I have a further service to ask of you."

"Speak, caballero," the stranger replied, starting at the sound of the voice, which he fancied he recognized. "Speak, I am listening to you."

"A woman, an unhappy girl—my sister, in a word, is lost in this horrible desert. Some of the scoundrels started in pursuit of her, and I know not what may have happened to her. I am in mortal agony, and must rejoin her at all risks; hence do not leave the good action you have so well begun unfinished; help me to find my sister's track—join with me in seeking her."

"It is useless," the stranger answered, coldly.

"What, useless!" the horseman exclaimed with horror; "has any misfortune happened to her? Ah! I remember now; I fancied, while I was flying, that I heard several shots. Oh, heaven, heaven!" he added, writhing his hands in despair, "my poor sister, my poor Marianita!"

"Reassure yourself, caballero," the stranger continued in the same cold, deliberate accent; "your sister is in safety, temporarily at least, and has nothing to fear. Heaven permitted that I should cross her path."

"Are you stating truth?" he exclaimed, joyfully. "Oh, bless you, senor, for the happy news! Where is she? Let me see her! Let me press her to my heart. Alas! how shall I ever acquit my debt to you?"

"You owe me nothing," the stranger answered in a rough voice; "it was chance, or God, if you prefer it, that did everything, and I was only the instrument. My conduct would have been the same to any other person; so keep your gratitude—which I do not ask of you. Who knows," he added ironically, "whether you may not some day repent of having contracted any obligations toward me?"

The horseman felt internally pained at the way in which his advances were received by a man who scarce five minutes previously had saved his life. Not knowing to what he should attribute this sudden change of temper, he pretended not to notice anything offensive the words might contain, and said, with exquisite politeness—

"The spot is badly chosen for a lengthened conversation, caballero. We are still, if not strangers, at least unknown to each other. I trust that ere long all coldness and misunderstanding will cease between us, and make room for perfect confidence."

The other smiled bitterly.

"Come," he said, "your sister is near here, and must be impatient to see you."

The horseman followed him without replying; but asking himself mentally who this singular man could be, who risked his life to defend him, and yet appeared anxious to treat him as any enemy.

All the sounds of the combat had reached the maiden's ear: she had heard them while kneeling on the ground, half dead with terror, and searching her troubled memory in vain for a prayer to address to heaven.

Then the firing had ceased: a mournful silence again spread over the desert—a silence more terrifying a thousand-fold than the terrible sounds of the fight, and she remained crouching in a corner and suffering from nameless agony, alone, far from all human help, not daring to retain a single hope, and fearing at each moment to see a frightful death awaiting her.

The poor girl could not have said how long she remained thus crushed beneath the weight of her terror. A person must really have suffered, to know of how many centuries a minute is composed when life or death is awaited.

Suddenly she started: her strung nerves relaxed, a fugitive flush tinged her cheek, she fancied she had heard a few words uttered in a low voice not far from her. Were her enemies again pursuing her? or was her savior returning to her side?

She remained anxious and motionless, not daring to make a movement or utter a cry to ask for help; for a movement might reveal her presence, a cry hopelessly ruin her.

But, ere long, the bushes were parted by a powerful hand; and two horsemen appeared at the base of the rock. The maiden stretched out her hands to them with an exclamation of delight: and, too weak to support this last emotion, she fainted.

She had recognized in the men, who arrived side by side, her brother and the stranger to whom she owed her life.

When she regained her senses, she was lying on furs in front of a large fire. The two men were sitting on her right and left; while in the rock-cave, three horses were eating their provender of alfalfa.

Somewhat in the shadow a few paces from her, the maiden perceived a mass, whose form it was impossible for her to distinguish at the first glance, but which a more attentive examination enabled her to recognize as a bound man lying on the ground.

The maiden was anxious to speak and thank her liberator; but the shock she had received was so rude, the emotion so powerful, that it was impossible for her to utter a word—so weak did she feel. She could only give him a glance full of all the gratitude she felt, and then fell back into a state of feverish exhaustion and morbid apathy, which almost completely deprived her of the power of thinking and feeling, and which rendered her involuntarily ignorant of all that was going on around her.

"It is well," said the stranger, as he carefully closed a gold-mounted flask and concealed it in his bosom. "Now, caballero, there is nothing more to fear for the senorita; the draught I have administered to her, by procuring her a calm and healthy sleep, will restore her strength sufficiently for her to able to continue her journey at sunrise, should it be necessary."

"Caballero," the stranger answered, "you are really performing the part of Providence towards me and my sister. I know not, in truth, how to express to you the lively gratitude I feel for a procedure which is the more generous as I am a perfect stranger to you."

"Do you think so?" he answered sarcastically.

"The more I examine your face, the more convinced I am that I have met you to-night for the first time."

"You would not venture to affirm it?"

"Yes, I would. Your features are too remarkable for me not to remember them if I had seen you before; but I repeat, if you fancy you know me, you are mistaken, and an accidental resemblance to some other person is the cause of your error."

There was a momentary silence, and then the stranger spoke again, with a politeness too affected for the irony it concealed not to be seen—

"Be it so, caballero," he answered, with a bow; "perhaps I am mistaken. Be good enough, therefore, if you have no objection, to tell me who you are, and by what fortuitous concourse of circumstances I have been enabled to render you what you are kind enough to call a great service?"

"And it is an immense one, in truth, caballero," the stranger interrupted with warmth.

"I will not discuss that subject any longer with you, caballero; I am awaiting your pleasure."

"Senor, I will not abuse your patience for long. My name is Don Ruiz de Moguer, and I reside with my father at a hacienda in the vicinity of Arispe. For reasons too lengthy to explain to you, and which would but slightly interest you, the presence of my sister (who has been at school for some years at the Convent of the Conception at El Rosario,) became indispensable at the hacienda. By my father's orders, I set out for El Rosario a few months ago, in order to bring my sister back to her family. I was anxious to rejoin my father; and hence, in spite of the observations made to me by persons acquainted with the dangers attending so long a journey through a desert country, I resolved to take no escort, but start for home merely accompanied by two peons, on whose courage and fidelity I could rely.

"My sister, who had been separated from her family for several years, was as eager as myself to quit the convent; and hence we soon set out. For the first few days all went well; our journey was performed under the most favorable auspices, and my sister and I laughed at the anxiety and apprehensions of our friends, for we had begun to believe ourselves safe from any dangerous encounter.

"But yesterday at sunset, just as we were preparing our camp for the night, we were suddenly attacked by a party of bandits, who seemed to emerge from the ground in front of us, so unforeseen was their apparition. Our poor brave peons were killed while defending us; and my sister's horse, struck by a bullet in the head, threw her. But the brave girl, far from surrendering to the bandits, who rushed forward to seize her, began flying across the savannah. Then I tried to lead the aggressors off the scent, and induce them to pursue me. You know the rest, caballero; and had it not been for your providential interference, it would have been all over with us."

There was a silence, which Don Ruiz was the first to break.

"Caballero," he said, "now that you know who I am, tell me the name of my savior?"

"What good is that?" the stranger answered, sadly, "We have come together for a moment by chance, and shall separate to-morrow never to meet again. Gratitude is a heavy burden. Not knowing who I am, you will soon have forgotten me. Believe me, Senor Don Ruiz, it is better that it should be so. Who knows if you may not regret some day of knowing me?"

"It is the second time you have said that, caballero. Your words breathe a bitterness that pains me. You must have suffered very grievously for your thoughts to be so sad and your heart so disenchanted at an age when the future ordinarily appears so full of promise."

The stranger raised his head, and bent on his questioner a glance that seemed trying to read to the bottom of his soul: the latter continued, however, with some degree of vivacity—

"Oh! do not mistake the meaning I attach to my words, caballero. I have no intention to take your confidence by surprise, or encroach on your secrets. Every man's life belongs to himself—his actions concern himself alone; and I recognise no claim to a confidence which I neither expect nor desire. The only thing I ask of you is to tell me your name, that my sister and myself may retain it in our hearts."

"Why insist on so frivolous a matter?"

"I will answer—What reason have you to be so obstinate in remaining unknown?"

"Then you insist on my telling you my name?"

"Oh, caballero, I have no right to insist; I only ask it."

"Very good," said the stranger, "you shall know my name; but I warn you that it will teach you nothing."

"Pardon me, caballero," Don Ruiz remarked, with a touch of exquisite delicacy, "this name, repeated by me to my father, will tell him every hour in the day that it is to the man who bears it that he owes the life of his children, and a whole family will bless you."

In spite of himself, the stranger felt affected. By an instinctive movement he offered his hand to the young man, which the latter pressed affectionately. But, as if suddenly reproaching himself for yielding to his feelings, this strange man sharply drew back his hand, and reassuming the expression of sternness, which had for a moment departed from him, said, with a roughness in his voice that astonished and saddened the young Mexican,

"You shall be satisfied."

We have said that Dona Marianita, in looking round her, fancied she saw the body of a man stretched on the ground a few paces from the fire. The maiden was not mistaken; it was really a man she saw, carefully gagged and bound. It was, in a word, one of the two bandits who had pursued her so long, and the one whom the stranger had almost killed with a blow of his rifle-butt.

After recommending Don Ruiz to be patient by a wave of his hand, the stranger rose, walked straight up to the bandit, threw him on his shoulders, and laid him at the feet of the young Mexican, perhaps rather roughly—for the pirate, in spite of the thorough Indian stoicism he affected, could not suppress a stifled yell of pain.

"Who is this man, and what do you purpose doing with him?" Don Ruiz asked, with some anxiety.

"This scoundrel," the stranger answered, harshly, "was one of the band that attacked you; we are going to try him."

"Try him?" the young gentleman objected; "we?"

"Of course," the stranger said, as he removed the bandit's gag, and unfastened the rope that bound his limbs. "Do you fancy that we are going to trouble ourselves with the scoundrel till we find a prison in which to place him, without counting the fact that, if we were so simple as to do so, the odds are about fifty to one that he would escape from us during the journey, and slip through our fingers like an opossum, to attack us a few hours later at the head of a fresh band of pirates of his own breed. No, no; that would be madness. When the snake is dead, the venom is dead, too; it is better to try him."

"But by what right can we constitute ourselves the judges of this man?"

"By what right?" the stranger exclaimed, in amazement. "The border law, which says, 'Eye for eye; tooth for tooth.' Lynch law authorises us to try this bandit, and when the sentence is pronounced, to execute it ourselves."

Don Ruiz reflected for a moment, during which the stranger looked at him aside with the most serious attention.

"That is possible," the young man at length answered; "perhaps you are right in speaking thus. This man is guilty—he is evidently a miserable assassin covered with blood; and, had my sister and myself fallen into his hands he would not have hesitated to stab us, or blow out our brains."

"Well?" the stranger remarked.

"Well," the young man continued, with generous animation in his voice; "this certainly does not authorise us in taking justice into our own hands; besides, my sister is saved."

"Then it is your opinion—"

"That as we cannot hand this man over to the police, we are bound to set him at liberty, after taking all proper precautions that he cannot injure us."

"You have, doubtless, carefully reflected on the consequences of the deed you advise?"

"My conscience orders me to act as I am doing."

"Your will be done!" and, addressing the bandit, who throughout the conversation had remained gloomy and silent, though his eyes constantly wandered from one to the other of the speakers, he said to him, "Get up!"

The pirate rose.

"Look at me," the stranger continued; "do you recognise me?"

"No," the bandit said.

The stranger seized a lighted brand, and held it up near his face.

"Look at me more carefully, Kidd," he said, in a sharp, imperious voice.

The scoundrel, who had bent forward, drew himself back with a start of fear.

"Stronghand!" he exclaimed, in a voice choked by dread.

"Ah!" the horseman said, with a sardonic smile; "I see that you recognize me now."

"Yes," the bandit muttered. "What are your orders?"

"I have none. You heard all we have been saying, I suppose?"

"All."

"What do you think of it?"

The pirate did not answer.

"Speak, and be frank! I insist."

"Hum!" he said, with a side glance.

"Will you speak? I tell you I insist."

"Well!" he answered, in a rather humbling voice, but yet with a tinge of irony easy to notice; "I think that when you hold your enemy, you ought to kill him."

"That is really your opinion?"

"Yes."

"What do you say to that?" the stranger asked, turning to Don Ruiz.

"I say," he replied, simply, "that as this man is not my enemy, I cannot and ought not to take any vengeance on him."

"Hence?"

"Hence, justice alone has the right to make him account for his conduct. As for me, I decline."

"And that is truly the expression of your thoughts?"

"On my honor, caballero. During the fight I should not have felt the slightest hesitation in killing him—for in that case I was defending the life he tried to take; but now that he is a prisoner, and unarmed, I have no longer aught to do with him."

In spite of the mask of indifference the stranger wore on his face, he could not completely hide the joy he experienced at hearing these noble sentiments so simply expressed.

There was a moment's silence, during which the three men seemed questioning each other's faces. At length Stronghand spoke again, and addressed the bandit, who remained motionless, and apparently indifferent to what was being said—

"Go! you are free!" he said, as he cut the last bonds that held him. "But remember, Kidd, that if it has pleased this caballero to forget your offences, I have not pardoned them. You know me, so do your best to keep out of my way, or you will not escape, so easily as this day, the just punishment you have deserved. Begone!"

"All right, Stronghand, I will remember," the bandit said, with a covert threat.

And at once gliding into the bushes, he disappeared, without taking further leave of the persons who had given him his life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, Jan. 7, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of T LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person g ting up a club will receive the Premium En graving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still a large supply of the thirteen back numbers on hand which contain the whole of Leonie's Mystery up to this date, and a large amount of other interesting reading—being admirable entertainment for the long winter evenings. A great chance for new subscribers.

OUR LETTERS.

Mr. E. W. C., of Makanda, Ill., says:—

"I would rather do without my cigars than THE POST."

Mrs. E. A. C., of Holly, Michigan, in renewing a club, says:—

"All of us like the paper very much."

Mr. J. P. S., in sending on two clubs from Laurens C. H., South Carolina, says:—

"The maker up of the first club is a very young lady, Miss N. G. T., who is just beginning to read a paper, but who has been delighted with THE POST, and here is the result."

We return our thanks to Miss T., and also to Mr. S.

Mrs. S. D. D., of Essex, N. Y., says:—

"We have taken THE POST for 15 or 16 years, and have become very much attached to it."

Mr. J. F., of Wilmington, Ohio, says:—

"I have been a subscriber for THE POST since the spring of 1823. I think I am one of your oldest subscribers."

We think that there are only one or two older subscribers than that.

Mr. N. L., of Mendon, Mass., says:—

"Mrs. L. wishes me to express her continued interest in the paper. I should not be able to persuade her that she could do without it."

A. Q., of Texas Valley, N. Y., says:—

"This is my 23d year's subscription—you may judge whether I like THE POST."

A large number of similar extracts from our letters are crowded out for want of room.

ETERNITY.—If nature plant in an animal a desire, it is the proof that in the constitution of that animal is the means of its gratification. Is there not a longing in the soul for the spiritual existence to the boundless extent which thought requires? And what does that point to? Where is its gratification? Where but in the new and endless life? If there is a desire to live in a larger sphere, with more knowledge and power, it is because life and knowledge are good for us, and we are natural repositories of these things. This is no speculation, but the most practical of doctrines.—*Emerson.*

"A LIE that is all a lie may be met with and fought outright,
But a lie that is part a truth is a harder matter to fight." —*Tennyson.*

☞ The census of 1870 will cost the Government $1,750,000.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE KATHIE STORIES. "Kathie's Aunt Ruth," "Kathie's Three Wishes," "Kathie's Summer." By Miss A. M. DOUGLAS. Three volumes nicely illustrated and put up in a box. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

ARTHUR BROWN, THE YOUNG CAPTAIN. One of the "Pleasant Cove Series." By Rev. ELIJAH KELLOGG, author of "The Elm Island Stories," etc. Illustrated in good style. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

FIFTEEN YEARS. A Picture from the Last Century. By TALVI (Mrs. THERESE ROBINSON.) Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE CHRISTMAS LOCKET. A Holiday Number of "Old and New." Contains a beautiful Christmas Carol, with the music by Mendelssohn, and bright Stories and Poems for the holidays. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part for

[Germans have made a good ... their bombardment. The bombardment of Avron commenced on Tuesday, the 27th inst., the Saxon contingent conducting the operations.]

DRESDEN, Dec. 30.—The Crown Prince of Saxony, in a despatch to King John, says when his troops entered Fort Avron they found the works deserted. The French had removed their guns to Noisy. The German batteries were then ordered to open fire on Noisy, Merlan and Bondy. The French subsequently withdrew from the village of Rosny along the road to Paris.

MARSEILLES, Dec. 28.—[Special to the New York Tribune.]—In the bombardment of Mont Avron, the French batteries were silenced, because those facing on the east and southeast were flanked by the German batteries at Raincy.

A dozen shells were sent yesterday inside of Paris, into La Villette and Belleville, from Raincy, at a range of seven thousand yards. The French batteries at Boredy have been silenced, and the camp behind Boredy broken up.

LONDON, Dec. 30, Evening.—The Conference on the Eastern question has been indefinitely postponed, as France has refused to take part unless the British government shall first recognize the Republic, and the absence of one of the signatories of the Treaty of Paris would render the meeting useless.

BERLIN, Dec. 30.—The federal treaties with Baden, Hesse, and Wurtemburg, have been ratified. The upper chamber of the Bavarian Diet passed the treaty by nearly a unanimous vote.

The English Minister has received a despatch from the Prussian Government, apologizing for the outrage on English vessels in the Seine, and stating that pecuniary indemnity would be given if demanded, and announcing that the military commander guilty of the outrage had been court-martialled and dismissed the service.

Recently, as General Prim was leaving the Spanish Cortes, eight shots were fired at his carriage by a band in the streets. General Prim was wounded in three places, in the left arm and in the right leg. No arrests were made. Great indignation was expressed among the people of Madrid at the murderous attempt.

MADRID, Dec. 30, via London, Dec. 31.—Marshal Prim died last night from his wounds.

☞ Returns of the Georgia election say that the Democrats have carried five out of the seven Congressional districts, and have secured three-fourths of the Legislature, with a majority in the state of 25,000 to 30,000.

☞ A London paper thus describes the process of road-making now generally adopted in the larger places of both England and France:—The road is first prepared by being loosened with pickaxes, then covered with ordinary granite, above this a dressing of sand is laid, the whole is then watered. An immense roller, propelled by steam, is then moved slowly over the prepared surface. It exerts a pressure of twenty-eight tons, and the result is that, in a unusually short time, a firm and compact Macadamized road is formed.

☞ A woman in Bath is the widow of three cabinet makers, all of whom have been killed in battle within the last eight years.

☞ Shingle weddings are celebrated in the west.

The North Pole.

Captain Hall Explains the Mysteries of the Arctic Zone—His Contemplated Third Voyage, and the Route He Will Pursue—The Vessel, Officers, Crew, and Outfit—Co-operation by the Government.

Captain C. F. Hall, the Arctic explorer, recently lectured before the Long Island Historical Society. The object of the lecture was to explain the route which Captain Hall proposes to pursue on this his third voyage to the Arctic regions, and the object he proposes to attain, namely, to reach the North Pole. The first part of his address was devoted to a recapitulation of his previous voyages, illustrating as he proceeded by a large map of the Arctic regions, which was suspended at the rear of the platform. This part of the lecture he has often given before in previous lectures. He believes his previous five years' experience of living in the frozen regions peculiarly qualified him to attain the object of the present voyage. He has stood on the spot where rest the remains of the last of Sir John Franklin's party, and as he stood there he has asked himself the question why he should have been so healthy, while all those who had gone before him had perished of scurvy, and the answer came quickly, because he was an eater of raw meat. God designed that the natives of those countries should eat of the provisions of the country. These were whales, seals and walruses, in great abundance, and fish can be drawn from the water by the ton—as good codfish as can be found anywhere. There was no fear, therefore, of any scarcity of provisions during the sledge journey that he proposed to make.

THE PROPOSED TRIP.

In the early part of 1871, or about May, he will leave again, and will never cease his labors until he has put his foot upon the ninetieth parallel of north latitude. He will go first to Newfoundland, and stay for about a week to obtain some sealers to make up his party; from thence he will proceed to the western coast of Greenland, to procure some skins and a supply of stock-fish; but he will not, as he did last time, make the mistake of getting his dogs there. There is too much of civilized blood in the dogs of this region, and they cannot stand the hardships that the dogs born and reared farther west can. Of all the dogs of the Arctic country, there are none equal to the dogs of King William's Island. They can stand the deprivation of food better than any other breed. They are bred to it. While puppies they are kept almost in a starving state, and only fed when they attain their full growth. In consequence of this apprenticeship to starvation, they can at a pinch go without food for two weeks. He will proceed from Greenland across Davis' Straits to the native place of the Esquimaux, and will there obtain some few dogs, about fifty in all. From thence he will pursue the route of the English whalers; crossing Baffin's Bay he will go to Smith's Island, and from thence westward through Jones' Sound, following that for about two hundred miles, then after getting that distance, from what he knows of the trend of the land, he will turn to the north and go as far as practicable before winter sets in. It may be that he will not get higher than the parallel of 78 degrees, of that he does not care, but he hopes to get as far as 80 degrees. There he will winter, and in the spring of 1872, with all his preparations complete, he will start on a grand sledge journey to the pole. He believes that in sledge travelling he is an adept. The natives are very expert in those matters; but he thinks he has improved somewhat on them. He has gone through a full course in the Arctic college, and thinks he has little to learn in the matter of sledge travelling. This journey, he expects, will occupy from ninety to one hundred days, relying entirely for support on the provisions obtained on the way. He will take with him on this journey about half of his party, leaving the rest to subsist on whales, seals, and walruses, or anything else they can obtain. Every man in his party will be a picked man. He has many applications each day for permission to accompany him, but is forced to refuse the greater number; but he thinks that this is an evidence of the right spirit of adventure that is in the country. There is no doubt but that he could man 1,000 vessels if it were required.

His sailing master has had thirty years' experience of the sea, and twenty of them have been passed in the Arctic regions. That man has full faith in him and the enterprise, and American navigators generally believe that he will succeed. His first and second officers have each had ten years' Arctic experience.

HIS VESSEL.

He will have a steamer, brig-rigged, which he selected at Washington after looking at a great many vessels; but it may be after all that he will not take this vessel for the reason that he can get at a much lower figure a Greenland sealer. They have for many years been building their vessels with especial reference to Arctic necessities, and it may be that such a vessel will better serve his purpose. A vessel for the Arctic must be of a peculiar shape and peculiarly strengthened. Going through Davis Straits there is much of what is called drift-ice. Then, along the shore there is the permanent ice-floe. Now a southern wind causes this drift-ice to drive up towards this ice-floe, and a vessel passing through is liable to be nipped, as it is called—that is, caught between the drift and the floe. Then, unless she is so shaped that she will rise on to the top of the ice, she must inevitably be crushed—nothing that ever was built is strong enough to withstand the pressure. So this steamer, if he takes her, must be strengthened by beams and cross-beams, and her bow must be made entirely solid for at least ten feet, so that she shall be a ram. Then the propeller must be so arranged that it can be lifted out of the water instantly. By using steam, Captain Hall thinks the objects of the expedition can be most certainly attained. No exploring expedition has ever before had this agent to aid them. All his crew will be trained to live as the Exquimaux do, and then they can stand the cold; but they must eat

RAW MEAT,

and stick to train oil. He (Captain Hall) has eaten, in one day, fifteen pounds of raw meat, washed down with two and a half pints of train oil. While men thus live they can defy King Cold. A whale in those regions is a godsend, one whale being equal to 600 oxen, and affords the best eating that Captain Hall has ever enjoyed. In fact, he has always enjoyed his food better in the Arctic regions than anywhere else; and even here among civilized people the old longing for raw meat comes on him so strong sometimes that he goes away to his closet, where no one can see him, and has a good feed of raw meat. And there is a virtue in it which is killed when it is cooked. Captain Hall has appealed to the Physicians of his audience in support of this assertion. Captain Hall next described the process of building a snow house, and extolled it as the most palatial of residences, and to sleep naked in a snow house as the acme of bliss. All the Esquimaux he found slept in a nude state, and, said he, "as did the Esquimaux, so did I."

THE CO-OPERATION OF GOVERNMENT.

The President and Congress have aided him most liberally. They have confidence in him, and believe that he will plant the Stars and Stripes on the pole, attaining at last the object for which the world has been laboring for three centuries—and if he does succeed, that moment will be the happiest of his existence. There was an exhilirating feeling that could not be described in the knowledge that one has gone a little further than any of his fellows have done before him. There was one sentiment that had stuck by him all through his former voyages. It was, "Look out, be careful, keep judgment on your side."

When he shall stand on the North Pole there is one thing which will trouble him, and that is, how shall he keep his chronometers regulated; how shall he tell whether they are gaining or losing. Every direction then will be South. There will be no North, no East, no West. The North Star will be directly over head, or nearly so, and on the first day of March the sun will just appear above the horizon and go round and round, day by day, never rising or setting, but gradually attaining a greater altitude, until finally it will get to a height of 23½ degrees, and then gradually get lower and lower, until on the 23d of September it will disappear, to be seen no more for six months. What object can he sight to regulate his chronometers? He has asked the question of the best talent of the country, and no man can answer him. In the winter of 1872, he will be where no sun can shine, but in a fine place for people fond of eating, for it will always be dinner-time—always 12 o'clock. He is having his chronometers constructed to mark the whole twenty-four hours—and he thinks all chronometers should be made in that way.

HE WILL NEVER GIVE UP.

If he cannot reach the pole in '72, he will stay another year—and, if necessary, five years. No man can tell the length of time necessary. It may be thirty months, and it may take five years—but his crew will all be shipped for the greater time, and at the end of that time he hoped to stand again on that platform and tell them of it.

Captain Hall was frequently applauded during the lecture—and at its close, a vote of thanks was tendered him, and with three hearty cheers for the success of the expedition the audience dispersed.

COMPLETION OF THE MOUNT CENIS TUNNEL.—The Mount Cenis Tunnel, begun more than thirteen years ago, has at last been completed; and the passage from France to Italy instead of taking a whole day of laborious travelling, as in former times, can now be made in about fifteen minutes. This tunnel is more than a mile beneath the summit of the Alps, and measures over seven miles and a half from the French entrance near Modane, in Savoy, to the Italian entrance near Bardonnecho. The ablest engineers of France and Italy have been engaged upon the work, which is one of the most wonderful engineering feats the world has ever seen.

☞ Blondes are beginning to be a little out of fashion. The reaction is coming, and soon the brunette will sway undisputedly the sceptre of beauty.

☞ Complimentary, very. A Nevada man calls his wife his "sage hen," and she calls him her "tearing grizzly."

☞ George Washington Custis Lee, the eldest son of the late General, has accepted the Presidency of Washington University in Virginia. He is thirty-nine years old.

☞ If we were only half as lenient to the living as we are to the dead, how much happiness might we render them, and how much remorse might we be spared when the grave has closed over them.

☞ The Persians, as ancient writers inform us, used to teach their sons to ride, pay their debts, and to tell the truth.

☞ A SMART LITTLE GIRL.—A little girl in Brooklyn, who had just laid aside her slate in order to adjust her stockings, was asked, by her mother—"What are you drawing on your slate, Emma?" "I ain't drawing on my slate," she answered, "I'm drawing on my stockings."

☞ A good story is told of a man, who having, after a long struggle, worked himself into good society by means of the aristocratic alliance of his daughter, gave a grand dinner-party to his newly-acquired circle. He didn't invite his own brother, for the reason that "society is getting so mixed, one must draw a line somewhere."

☞ Spurgeon thinks some ministers would make good martyrs—they are so dry they would burn well.

☞ One thousand five hundred and seventy-four registered letters were stolen last year.

☞ A "toddy time-table" is published in Boston, which includes the hours and names of eighteen drinks in twenty-four hours!

☞ Cleveland has fewer marriages than any other city of its size in the Union.—It should alter its name.

☞ Peaches weighing one pound each, were raised last year in South Carolina.

☞ GOOD FARMING.—"Sambo, is your massa a good farmer?"

"Oh yes, massa fus-rate farmer—he make two crops in one year."

"How is that, Sambo?"

"Why, you see, he sell all his hay in de fall, and make money once; den in de spring he sell de hides of all cattle dat die for want of de hay, and make money twice. Dat's two crops, massa."

☞ The way to speak and write what shall not go out of fashion, is, to speak and write sincerely. The argument which has not power to reach my own practice, I may well doubt, will fail to reach yours. But take Sidney's maxim: "Look in thy heart, and write." He that writes to himself, writes to an eternal public.—*Emerson.*

☞ A man at Bridgeport, Connecticut, had his son arrested the other day for robbing him of some small change, and the penalty adjudged by the court was a fine of seventeen dollars and costs, which, as the culprit was a minor, came out of the pocket of the father, who was very much astonished when he found he had to pay it.

Wonderful Work of Surgery.—Manufacture of a Human Face.

The Canton (Illinois) Register, of a late date, had this account of a wonderful surgical operation:

"There lives in this city a young lady named Lizzie Twineham. Some years ago, when she was but a young girl, she was attacked with an ulceration of the face, which entirely destroyed her nose, upper lip, and nearly all the adjacent bones. By the time the ravages of the disease were arrested, she was the most hideous-looking being that was ever gazed upon. Her eyes and forehead were visible, but in the place of her nose and mouth there was nothing but a large unsightly hole, in which the raw and purple flesh were visible away into the throat. None could look upon her without turning away in horror. Her parents were poor, and she was compelled to leave home. She sought labor, as she was able and willing to work, but her presence was so disagreeable, on account of her terrible affliction, that she could not obtain a situation. About four years ago she found herself out of employment, and with no home. She was advised to go to the poor-house. Despair and wretchedness seemed to be her lot. Shunned as she was by society, and abandoned by all, her sensitive nature was racked with torment, and she seriously contemplated suicide. Just at this time a friend suggested that probably Dr. Wright, of this city, might be able to remedy her deformity and improve the appearance of her face. With tears in her eyes, and with but faint hope, she called upon him. At first the doctor thought it was a hopeless case, but the despondent and despairing condition of the girl's mind induced him to take the case under serious consideration. He consulted with Dr. J. H. Rainey, dentist, in regard to the feasibility of supplying teeth and the upper jaw, which had been entirely eaten away. After examination, Dr. Rainey thought he would be able to supply the deficiency. Dr. Wright then determined to enter upon the work of making a new face for the young woman.

"The first business was to supply an upper lip. This was an exceedingly difficult and delicate operation. The disease had not only destroyed the lip, but it had resulted in the healing process, in connecting the flesh of each cheek to the stub of the upper jaw-bone in an unnatural manner. It was necessary to cut the flesh loose from the bone upon the inside. After this was done, and the wounds healed, a piece of flesh was taken from the back part of the cheek and and transplanted to form a lip. This was a most extraordinary operation, but was completely successful.

"The lip being formed, the next step was to supply a nose. This required several operations. A piece of flesh was taken from the forehead in such a manner as to scarcely leave a scar, and brought down and made to grow where the nose should be. Other pieces were taken from each cheek, and applied in the same manner.

"It was necessary that months should intervene between each operation, that the parts might become perfectly healed. The different operations were eminently successful, and the work is now complete. Dr. Rainey has supplied the teeth and a bridge for the nose, which holds it out in the natural manner. A stranger now meeting her would never imagine that she was once without nose or upper lip. She would pass in company without special observation on account of any deformity."

How Rats Taste.

A correspondent at present locked up in Paris, writes:—

"I hope I sha'n't utterly horrify our readers, and henceforward become a social outlaw, if I confess to having this morning eaten at one of the best restaurants in Paris—rat. Two months ago I should have been as much appalled at the bare idea of perpetrating such an atrocity as, perhaps, any other civilized man. But, first, one's principles receive a dangerous shock in eating horse; then you meet friends, ordinarily decent, respectable people, who tell you that they have been avowedly eating cat, and that you have yourself already been served in the same way if you have ever, at no matter what restaurant, ordered rabbit. One's gastronomic conscience gradually hardens, I suppose, in an atmosphere of this kind, and so when this morning I met a friend on the Boulevards just about breakfast-time, who asked me to come with him into Hall's, as he had there ordered rats, instead of at once running away, or perhaps, trying to knock him down, I agreed to go and just look at them. They looked very good, served up in a *salmi*, with gravy and toast, and my friend pronounced them 'excellent;' and so I did eat, or rather taste, and am obliged to confess that I should have no objection to repeat the experiment to-morrow. The flesh was white and very delicate, like young rabbit, but with more flavor."

☞ The horseshoe seems to be a favorite emblem with Mlle. Nilsson. Many of her jewels are set in this form.

☞ The Socialist Democrats in the German Parliament have resolved to vote against the war expenditure, on the ground that the war, originally a necessary and defensive one, is now one of conquest against the French republic, which is forcibly to be deprived of Alsace and Lorraine, against the wishes of the population. "As we cannot think," says their organ, "of now returning to the customs of the middle ages in any respect, we ought, so far as lies in our power, to prevent the continuance of the war."

☞ An Ohio lady has realized $20,000 in the lumber business.

☞ A baby show was one of the principal features of a Congregational church bazar in Chicago last week.

☞ A CUTE MISER.—A gentleman called on a rich miser, and found him at the table endeavoring to catch a fly. Presently he succeeded in entrapping one, which he immediately put into the sugar-bowl, and shut down the cover. The gentleman asked for an explanation of this singular sport. "I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance as he spoke, "I want to ascertain if the servants steal the sugar."

☞ Out in San Francisco, the other day, a jury disagreed on a murder trial, and one of the number said he guessed he'd have to be excused—he wasn't in the habit of serving on juries where they drew a pistol on a man to make him agree. The judge made them give up their shooting tools, and the case went on.

☞ A French paper states that seven per cent. of lunatics are made so by the employment of hair dyes.

☞ A library is to be established in the Cleveland jail.

☞ One of the most cruel things done to dumb beasts is putting hard-frozen iron bits into a horse's mouth. It is both painful and dangerous. Either warm the bits or use leather covered ones.

☞ A poetical somebody is inspired by the new dance of society as follows:

A smile of request, an assent and a giggle,
A shake of the train, to the shoulders a wriggle;
A bounce and a smile, a turn and a skip,
A teeter, a back-breaking bend and a slip—
And *that* is the graceful, the fairy-like "dip

☞ "Two heads are better than one," as the gentleman remarked to the cabbage.

"EVIL is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart."—*Hood.*

☞ THEOLOGY.—The best system of theology without love, is a corpse. To make it a power, put life into it, glowing love to God and man.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
I will a family paper take,
Both for my own and children's sake?

If such there be, let him repent,
And have this paper to him sent.

☞ A curious confessor, who had listened with as much surprise as attention to a young woman who had disclosed the state of her mind to him, at last inquired her name. With a presence of mind peculiar to herself, she replied, "My good father, my name is no sin."

☞ "The only true church" is in Foster, R. I. The building in which the worshippers meet, bears this novel inscription, printed in large letters:—"The perfect Church—Zion's own. Thank God we are not like other men and women."

☞ Muley Moloch, Emperor of Morocco, spent his whole time in devising plans to keep the minds of his subjects engaged. "If a parcel of rats," said he once to a British ambassador, "are permitted to remain quietly in a bag, they'll eat it; but if you keep shaking it they will not."

☞ Sign nothing without reading it, and make sure it means no more than it says.

☞ DIDN'T USE A PIPE.—A singing-master, while teaching his pupils, was visited by a brother of the tuneful art. The visitor observed that the chorister pitched the tune vocally, and said:—"Sir, do you use a pipe?" "No, sir," said Semibreve, with admirable gravity, "I chew."

☞ A contemporary ungallantly makes the observation, that the leading champion's of "woman's rights" are generally found to be "man's lefts."

☞ The water famine has been so great in Alyth, Scotland, that only one drink could be supplied to each person in twenty-four hours.

☞ The new tariff on coffee, tea, sugar, and spices, will go into operation on the first of January. The reduction on tea will be fifteen cents per pound, on coffee two cents, and about one and a quarter on sugar. A large free list also goes into operation, chiefly articles largely consumed in various manufacturing processes. It is reasonably expected that a considerable reduction in prices will be apparent.

☞ Punchinello's special, "Lunatic," gives it as his opinion that a continuance of horseflesh diet in Paris must go far towards disturbing the Parisian equine-imity.

☞ Dio Lewis, in his new book about "People's Stomach's," gives some excellent hints. Among other things, he says, very truly, that thousands of New England women spoil their appetite for breakfast, and unfit themselves for the whole day, by working an hour over a hot stove before eating anything. If they would adopt the French custom of taking a few mouthfuls of bread and some warm drink on rising, it would prove a grateful support.

☞ King William and the Princess Royal of Prussia have written to Queen Victoria that they were opposed to the marriage of the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne. The Queen's reply was vehement, and she told them to mind their own business. The incident has materially changed the feelings of the court toward Germany.

☞ The open mouth of a team-horse when he is pulling his best, is an earnest protest against the folly and cruelty of the check-rein.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—8000 bbls at $4,50@5 for superfine; extras at $4,75@5,50; Penna extra family at $6@6,50; Northwest extra family $6@6,75; Ohio and Indiana family $6,25@7, and fancy brands at $7,25@8,50 ℔ bbl. Rye Flour sells at $5@5,25 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—30,000 bus sold at $1,45@1,50 for Indiana and Ohio red; $1,29@1,30 for Delaware red; $1,25@1,40 for Penna red; $1,48@1,52 for amber, and $1,55@1,65 ℔ bus for white. Rye—Sales of 1500 bus at 88@90c ℔ bus. Corn—Sales of 40,000 bus at 75@78c for new yellow, and 74@74c ℔ bus for new Western mixed. Oats—Sales of 50,000 bus at 50c for white, 54@55c for mixed and 52c for black. Barley: 2000 bus Canada sold at $1,10.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $19,25@19,50; clear at $21, and extra prime at $18. Mess Beef at $20,50@22 ℔ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $30 ℔ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 15@17c; Excelsior hams at 12c; sides at 13c, and shoulders at 11c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 12@12½c; sides at 10c, and shoulders, in salt, at 7@7½c for new. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs at 11¼@12c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 13@17c; Penna store packed at 30@34c, and roll at 35@38c ℔ lb. Eggs sell at 30@32c ℔ dozen. Cheese sells at 15½@16½c ℔ lb. Dressed Hogs—Sales at 7@8c ℔ lb.

COTTON—400 bales of middlings sold at 15½@15¾c ℔ lb for upland and 15½@16½c ℔ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—40 hhds of No. 1 Quercitron sold at $35@36 ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $15@22 ℔ cord for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX sells at 32@33c ℔ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $1,50@2 ℔ bbl. Cranberries sell at $9@15 ℔ bbl. Layer Raisins sell at $2,62@2,65 ℔ box.

HAY—Best Timothy Hay ℔ 100 lbs, $1,10@1,15; mixed, 90c@$1; Straw, 1,00@1,05.

IRON—Pig Iron—No 1 sold at $31; No 2 is quoted at $30. Bar Iron sells at $75@77,50 ℔ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $32 ℔ ton.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2282 head. The prices realised from 9@9¾ cts ℔ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 60 ℔ head. Sheep—6100 head were disposed of at from 4½@5½c ℔ lb. 5000 Hogs sold at from $9,00 to 9,50 ℔ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have sewed more or less on six different machines, and prefer the Grover & Baker to all the others put together, for if I had all the others I should still want a Grover & Baker, and having it I don't want any other. My work is said to be superior to work done by efficient operators on the Singer and Wheeler & Wilson machines."—*Julia F. Brown, Crawfordsville, Ind.*

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 54 Frost St., New York. oct1-tf

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH
BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND
WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
PROCURED TO ALL.
RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN
RESOLVENT HAS MADE
THE MOST
ASTONISHING CURES.
SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE
CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS
TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE,
THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN
FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the
Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

Spread the Truth.

Some medical men insist that it is undignified to advertise a remedy, however valuable it may be Queer reasoning this. It is like saying that an article which the world needs should be hid in a corner—that benefits and blessings may be too widely diffused—that the means of protecting and restoring health should be a close monopoly, and not accessible to all. The argument is bad. It is worse than that; it is *inhuman*. Suppose HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—an absolute specific for dyspepsia, biliousness and nervous debility—had never been known beyond the *repertoire* of the faculty, what would have been the consequence? Instead of curing and invigorating millions, the good effects of the preparation would have been confined to a comparative few. There is the highest authority for saying that light should not be hid under a bushel; that whatever is excellent should be placed as a city on a hill, where all men can take cognizance of it. It is upon this principle that the Bitters have been advertised and continue to be advertised in every newspaper of any prominence in the western hemisphere, and that the spontaneous testimonials in its favor have been translated into all written languages. Thousands enjoy perfect health to-day who would be languishing on beds of sickness if the newspapers had not *spread the truth with regard to this unequalled invigorant and corrective* far and wide. Suppose profit *has* been reaped from this publicity. Is *that* any argument against it? If the public health has been protected; if lives have been saved; if the feeble have been strengthened and the sick restored, *great good has been accomplished;* and who so mean as to grudge to exertions thus directed their fair reward? jan7-1m

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Mrs. Gates and Mrs. James.

Mrs. Gates.—Good-morning, Mrs. James. How well you are looking; far better than when I saw you last.

Mrs. James.—Oh, yes; I am much better than I have been for a long time, and I am now on my way for more of my favorite medicine—PLANTATION BITTERS. One bottle of it is worth all the doctors in the world. No more doctors for me.

Mrs. Gates.—Nearly every one speaks well of Plantation Bitters, and I have a mind to try it myself. The fact is, I have no appetite, strength or energy for anything. Mary and Lizzie are in the same way, and lounge about the house all day long, good for nothing.

Mrs. James.—My word for it, Mrs. Gates, just let them try Plantation Bitters moderately three times a day, and you will see a wonderful improvement.

GEM MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. nov26-6m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of Dec., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JOSEPH C. HEUVE to Miss BELLA COMLEY, both of this city.

On the 22d of Dec., by the Rev. H. Simpers, Mr. BENJAMIN F. ERWIN to Miss ELIZABETH STOCKTON, both of this city.

On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. JOHN B. MCCAULEY to Miss CATHARINE E. H. GREEN, both of this city.

On the 22d of Dec., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, WILLIAM W. TUDOR to Miss LIZZIE G. THACKARA, daughter of the late Benj. Thackara, both of this city.

On the 22d of Dec., by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM VAN FLEET to Miss JENNIE LIGGINS, both of this city.

On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. HENRY POMPHEY to Miss SALLIE M. STURDINE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of Dec., MARGARET RODMAN, in her 64th year.

On the 25th of Dec., MARGARET MAXWELL, aged 68 years.

On the 25th of Dec., MRS. MARY E. MCALISTER, in her 71st year.

On the 26th of Dec., RACHEL, relict of the late John K. Shewell, in her 73d year.

On the 26th of Dec., JOSHUA THORP, in his 70th year.

On the 24th o[illegible] we need talk no more, 33d year.

On the 24th o[illegible] for that very [illegible] Thomas Walter.

On the 24th of Dec., WILLIAM T. LONG, in his 68th year.

On the 24th of Dec., WILLIAM J. KERR, aged 25 years.

On the 22d of Dec., GEORGE SCHAEFFER, in his 60th year.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW,

By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers. Those who speak of her as a merely "sensational" writer, simply have caught up a parrot cry, and show their utter ignorance of her works.

We commence in the present issue a

STORY OF ADVENTURE,

By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of The Post is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of The Post without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

TERMS.

We are still able to offer all *NEW* subscribers

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

beginning their subscriptions for 1871 with the paper of October 8th, which contains the beginning of Leonie's Mystery, by Frank Lee Benedict. This is

THIRTEEN PAPERS

in addition to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

We have a goodly supply of back numbers still on hand.

This offer applies to all new subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Terms:

One copy (and a Premium Steel Engraving)		$2.50
2 copies,		4.00
4	"	6.00
5	" (and one extra)	8.00
8	" (and one extra)	12.00
11	" (and one extra)	16.00
14	" (and one extra)	20.00
One copy of The Post and one of The Lady's Friend,		4.00

Every person getting up a Club will receive one of the large Steel-Plate Premium Engravings—and for Clubs of 5 and over both a Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

Our last Premium Engraving is "The Sisters"—a perfect Gem. The others are "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," and "One of Life's Happy Hours." Either of these engravings will be sent, as desired. If no directions are given, "The Sisters" will be sent.

☞ *Club Subscribers* who wish a Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish them for *two dollars*. All these engravings are done on Steel—they are not wood-cuts or lithographs.

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of new subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "The Sisters," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter-up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of The Post, (or of The Lady's Friend) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.

ONE MONTH FOR NOTHING!

Also (alone and in clubs) to [illegible] in a low voice no[illegible] send on their subscriptions by the first of January, shall receive [illegible] next December Holiday number, [illegible] ten months in all!

Sewing Machine Premium, &c.

—See terms on the second page of this paper

WHAT SONG SHALL IT BE?

What shall it be? What song
Will win your fancy, dear,
And move your heart to sing
As mine is moved to hear?
Shall it be gay or sad—
Bright as the linnet's strain,
Or full of unshed tears
That deaden life with pain?

I touch the keys and wait,
Watching those dreamy eyes,
That hide their thoughts, as stars
Are hid in bluest skies:
No furtive flash betrays:
There is no tell-tale gleam;
Help me then, dear, to try
And read your waking dream.

Say, shall the song be ripe
With summers of the past,
With rosy blossoms shed,
With sunshine overcast?
Shall scenes and sounds that were
In pleasant memories strong,
And song give life again
The days when life was song?

Shall sadder fancies find
An echo in the tone,
Till we are moved to weep
O'er sorrows not our own?
Or shall heroic deeds
Move us to fierce delight,
As when a clarion thrills
The pulses of the night?

Shall laughter bubbling rise,
Like streams that seaward go,
And, prodigal of life,
Wrestle to overthrow?
Or 'neath a deeper spell,
Say, shall the music move,
Stirring the hearts of all—
Shall it discourse of love?

Ah! dreamy eyes, that hide
Their secret thought so well,
A burning cheek reveals,
A silent lip can tell.
What need to ask the strain
That youth to youth will bring?
Love it has ever sung,
Love it will ever sing.

EUROPE ON $300.

How to See the Continent Cheaply—Advice to Young Men.

Europe can be seen and enjoyed by a healthy, vigorous young man much more cheaply than is generally supposed. The following hints may be of service to intending travellers. They record the experience of one who knows whereof he speaks.

Assuming that you go first, as is usually the case to the British Islands, buy, on landing, Bradshaw's guides to the continent and to such British country as you design to view. They cost about fifty cents (greenback), and are crammed with the latest information as to cost of travel, objects of interest in and modes of reaching every place. The superficial sneer at them as destroying real feeling; but they supply material for it, and save much money and time. Go where you will, Bradshaw's reporters have been before you, and know more about each place than the majority of its people.

If meaning to visit the Continent, learn before sailing what you can of the languages of the countries you seek. *Learn the pronunciation at least.* The Roman alphabet is so differently used by different peoples that all the reading in the world will not make you an intelligent talker. Get one who has been in the country whose speech you study to teach you to pronounce.

Take on shipboard a text-book of the tongue you seek to speak. Pay no attention to its table of pronunciation. Knowing how to pronounce the first dozen lessons which you can easily master (perhaps several dozen) on the voyage, will enable you to express common wants and ask needful questions. Buy the latest text-books; they are often best. Shun Ollendorf's; they are plagiarized and poor.

Wishing a passport, write to Department of State, Passport Bureau, Washington, D. C., for instructions and application blanks. Letters on this subject, marked "official business," pass free. A notary, justice, or other officer who administers oaths, can take the needful affidavits and will charge a fee. Each passport requires five dollars tax, and is held good for a year. No officers but those of this bureau can now give passports. To visit the British Islands, or one continental country, a passport is commonly useless. Even in crossing frontiers it is rarely called for during peace.

PASSAGE.

In first-class steamers a second cabin passage costs about $50 gold to London, to Paris about $6 more. The fare is good. From May to August, inclusive, is a pleasant season. The passage takes twelve to twenty days, often near the latter. The steerage fare is tolerable, and passage costs about $30 paper. Except for a party, who can keep each other company, this cannot be recommended, especially as, if you wish to change from steerage to a cabin, you must pay cabin price for the whole voyage. The Cunard steerage is called excellent, and the passage but eight days. Of this the writer knows nothing. Unless you wish to visit the British islands at the North you will not gain by this route in time, and will lose in money.

To visit Southern Europe and the Mediterranean, take a sailing vessel from New York to Gibraltar. To find it, examine the New York Shipping and Commercial List. On the first page of each issue is an alphabetical list of the places for which vessels are in port, with names of the latter, their captains and city agents and description of rig; also, on every page are advertisements of vessels not in the above-mentioned list. The New York Journal of Commerce has such announcements too. A friend in the shipping business can sometimes find you a vessel not advertised, better than those that are, perhaps bound to the very port where you most wished to go. He may be able, too, to make better terms than you could. If you do not find at New York one bound to the port you wish, or have no exact wish on the subject, you will find at Gibraltar vessels for nearly every port in Europe, in which you can take passage. The usual price of passage from New York to Gibraltar is $50 gold. An American bottom is usually preferable, as cleanest and best sailed. If going alone, manage to be sole passenger; you get more consideration and attention thus than by being one of several. To avoid the trouble and cost of a passport, ship as a sailor at nominal pay (twenty cents a month), for the voyage out. Paying passage, you will be treated accordingly. On arriving you can go with the captain before the American consul and be discharged. No fee is allowed for this, and the discharge papers are good evidence of identity and nationality. If you mean to return with the same vessel this course is best (without discharge.)

Have your friends send their letters in care of the minister or consul at the first port where you will stop. If you go directly to a place where there is no such officer, have letters sent to your banker, or to a hotel, if you have chosen one.

It is not best, as a rule, to try to prevent or check sea-sickness. Vomiting is terribly unpleasant, but it is the quickest and healthiest way of becoming accl mated to the sea. It is a cleansing of the system which promotes health greatly. Follow your appetite, eat anything you crave and can get. Never mind if you do cast it up; you will digest a part of it, and thus sustain life. If you loathe food, go without till hunger compels you to eat. If you feel that you cannot bear sea-sickness any longer, take a tablespoonful or more of vinegar.

A trading craft may also be taken for ports in Northern Europe, if you wish to spend time on the sea and get well acquainted with it. If you wish but a short trip, take a vessel which is to touch at two or more ports, and pay passage out and back. This will commonly save money. You can board on the vessel when in port, and make excursions into the country round.

On sailing vessels you have to share what the captain can get for food. It is well to accustom yourself as far and as soon as possible to sea food. It may be distasteful at first, but once used to it you are ready for a long voyage. A hammock, if one be on board, is any easy rest during sea-sickness. A pleasant variety is to sleep in it on deck of hot nights (with head well covered.) Sleeping in a cabin berth is more healthy. A hard bunk is healthiest.

Daily exercise should be taken on shipboard, by walking, dancing, climbing, working or otherwise. Neglect of this makes indigestion likely, and sea-sickness worse. As far as you have intercourse with sailors, as well as officers, be cheerful and polite, but let them distinctly know that you are not rich.

LIVING.

When you wish to stay in a town more than a day or two, ask your banker, or if you have none, the United States Consul, to recommend a good boarding-house, not dear. Apply to the banker first for all such services. He considers them incidental to your letter of credit; while the consul in some way often pays himself for them at your expense, and you may never know it. If going to a hotel, ask the American or English travellers whom you meet to tell you of the cheapest good hotel there. Ask no native, but a friend or banker; he may have interest in some inn. Employ no guides nor porters, and where possible walk to and from hotels. At hotels or boarding-houses ask the host to show you his cheapest rooms, as you are poor (twenty to forty cents a day is a common price.) If the room he shows seems dear, say, "Too much; show me another." Thus you also avoid danger of robbery. Bear in mind that everything is charged separately in the bill. Nothing is included that is not ordered. Make up your mind just what you want. Call for exactly that. Never, under any circumstances, buy or call for anything without asking its price first. Board, therefore, "*a la carte*," or, as we say, "on the European plan;" that is according to a bill of fare with the price of each article marked. Thus you get just what you like, and pay for naught else. As far as possible live on fruit, some kind of which is likely to be plenty. Drink water, unless the minerals in it make you unwell; and the fresh, unfermented juice of apples, pears, and grapes. Newspapers you can see at the club, where, if you ask him, your banker will introduce you. If you have messages, ask your landlord to send a servant with them. He will see that you are not overcharged. Never ask a servant at hotel or railroad station to fill your drinking cup with water; he will want a fee; do it yourself.

MOVEMENTS.

Do not travel afoot. It takes time and strength (hence money) on uninteresting parts. Go by rail to the region you wish to see. The seats of the cars run clear across from side to side. At night you can commonly wrap up in your blanket, stretch out at full length and sleep till morning, disturbed only by an occasional demand for your ticket. Thus you save the price of nights' lodgings in uninteresting regions, and reach the goal in half the number of days. Sleeping in cars thus saves two-thirds the expenses of a journey.

Take third-class cars. They are cool, but cost only on-third of first-class prices, and are much the best from which to see country and people. Try to get a seat in the rear corner. You thence have before you a carriage full of the natives, whom you can quietly observe at leisure; also through the windows a dozen vistas of the country you are travelling, so that you can know your approach to any interesting object in time to watch it before passing it; and a window at your side, whereby you can see nearer things and breathe fresh air. All this can only be fully had in third-class cars.

Avoid express trains. The slow trains which stop at every station are cheaper, and show you much more of the country and people. Valise and blanket may be used as cushions.

These latter trains make stoppages often of ten or thirty minutes. The crowd goes to the eating-room. Prices in those rooms are high. Buy in the morning, of baker and fruiterer, what you want for the day; eat meals while the train moves. During stoppages, leave your goods to keep your seat; learn the length of the delay, and explore the neighborhood. Time yourself, walk, keeping your eyes about you, till half the allotted time is gone; then turn back. Hereby you see very much that you would otherwise miss. If you take a fancy to stay over till another train at any way station, the conductor or station master, if informed in time, may arrange it without charge. From stations and stopping places in interesting localities foot tours can profitably be made. They are best to see a region thoroughly. Be careful to leave nothing behind in changing seats or going to a hotel; it is sure to cost a fee to recover. Employ no guides where avoidable. Deaf to prayers or proffers, trudge straight from station to hotel, carrying your luggage. Ask any gentleman, policeman or hackman you meet to favor you by pointing the way to any place you seek. Where guides are needed, try to fall in with some party, which lessens expense. Bargain with all guides in advance. Remember that in great cities the railroad depots may be far from hotels and each other, and give yourself time to walk to them. River and coast steamers are often cheaper and slower than railroads. Go in third-class and buy your own food. If you use diligences (stage coaches), take a seat by the driver. They mostly run, though, where you should walk. Your baggage may go by them if you cannot well carry it.

SIGHT-SEEING.

Costly sights are often least valuable. Spend no money on theatres and other places of mere amusement. Visit public squares and buildings, markets, bridges, fountains, churches, museums, picture galleries, gardens, ruins, heights, lakes, caves, vineyards, fortifications, castles, waterfalls, mountains; all which can be seen for little or nothing. Avoid buying souvenirs, except those characteristic of the spot, hereafter named. Others are made by wholesale in great cities, and sent to attractive spots for sale. See a few objects fully, rather than many in haste and confusion.

CONDUCT.

The first thing on reaching a town where you have a banker (correspondent named in your letter of credit) is to call and pay your respects to him. Thus you let him know you are in the city, and enable him, should you get into trouble, to do the good offices that your letter of credit asks. In calling ask if letters have come for you, and what is to be seen and heard near. Next (or if you have no banker, first,) pay your respects to the American minister, consul or vice-consul. Ask if he has letters for you, also how to see most in the neighborhood. He will then know you, and should you accidentally fall into difficulty of any kind, will be better able to help you than if he first sees you in embarrassment. Never quarrel. If you feel wrongly treated, go quietly to him and briefly state your case. Often he can explain and show that there is a mere misunderstanding. If you are really wronged, he is the person, unless your banker will take that trouble to right you. The banker has, usually, more influence than the consul, and his services will cost less. If you quarrel, you give rogues a chance to swear falsely against you. On leaving ask consul or banker to forward letters to the like person at your next stopping place. Learn the coinage of the country, and refuse poor coins, which tricky dealers always try to pass on strangers. Get change from your banker. Carry gold from one country to another. Silver and copper of one may not pass in the other, and you will so lose. Give yourself plenty of time to secure passage in railroads or steamboats, to convert paper into coin, and get ready for every start. More haste, more cost.

Always be sociable and pleasant, and meet half-way any public advances towards acquaintance. Take pains to oblige others whenever you possibly can. The world is a mirror—smile at it, it smiles on you—especially in travelling. Never hesitate to civilly ask from a fellow-traveller a small favor, such as you would feel it natural and proper for him to ask of you—for instance, the momentary loan of a guide-book or an opera-glass. Accept invitations to join parties to visit places of interest, and other offered favors, if practicable. If not, express your sense of the civility, your regret that you cannot at present avail yourself of it, and your hope that you may hereafter have an opportunity to do so. This keeps up and strengthens good feeling, and may open the way to something pleasant.

Buy no dogs or other living creatures, unless you return with the same ship. They are very difficult to carry and easy to lose. Do not give to beggars; you cannot be sure that they do not deceive. The cheats are many and skillful.

Show no feeling against the institutions or people that you see. This makes the natives suspicious and unfriendly. Remember that you travel to see, not to meddle.

RETURN.

For tokens of remembrance buy only photographs of places you have seen, books in the language of and published in the country where bought, geological specimens purchased where found, or some trifle costing but a few cents that you personally know to be made where you get it. Stereoscopic views of spots you have visited are among the best. They enable you to live your travels over.

The Children's Crusade.

Most people know something about the Crusaders, but very few know much about the part which the children had in the stir and movement of those times of fanatical excitement and unreasoning activity. In 1187 Saladin defeated the Christian armies at Tiberias, and brought nearly the whole of Palestine under the power of the Moslem. European pilgrims, who went to Jerusalem in order to see the Holy Sepulchre, and worship there, were sometimes insulted and injured by the Mahometans, who had possession of the city. When the Pilgrims returned to Europe they told the tale of their wrongs and sufferings, and stirred up the Western Powers to avenge them and drive out "the heathen," who had possession of the Holy Land. We cannot tell here the story of the great expeditions undertaken for this purpose; the children must ask their parents, and must find books and read all about it.

Strange to say, there were armies of children, too. A few miles west of Orleans, in France, is the ancient village of Cloyes, where, in one of the last years of the twelfth century, was born a boy named Stephen. We do not know his family name; he will be known forever in history as "Stephen of Cloyes." His father was a shepherd, and he helped to watch the sheep, and lived quietly enough until the year 1212. At that time Europe was rocking with the excitement of the Crusades. The priests preached about them, and told the people it was their duty to go. And there were many processions, with music and waving banners, and everything that could be used to impress the minds of young and old. Stephen's mind was wrought up to feverish enthusiasm, and one day, while among his sheep, on a lonely hill-side, there came to him a man who said he was Jesus Christ, and that he wished Stephen to raise an army of children for the liberation of Palestine, promising him success where kings, with their soldiers, had failed. This was no doubt a priest who knew about Stephen's character and state of mind. He gave the boy a letter to the king of France, but this ruler, Philip Augustus, did not favor the enterprise, yet it proceeded in spite of his prohibition. Stephen was in earnest. He went through the country declaring that the Saviour had commissioned him for this work, and the children flocked by thousands to his banner. A German boy heard of Stephen and his work, and set out on a similar mission in his own country. He raised an army of some twenty thousand children, most of them, according to all the authorities, about twelve years of age, though there must have been many who were older, and they were accompanied by many adults. These marched from Cologne in June or July, 1212. They took their way along the Rhine, through what is now Switzerland, passed Geneva, and crossed the Alps. It is supposed that about half of the original number remained when they began the ascent of the mountains. Two or three thousand perished in this terrible passage, and about seven thousand reached Genoa the last of August. They thought that God would divide the Mediterranean for their passage, as He did the Red Sea for Israel of old. In their disappointment many fell away, but the remainder went on to Pisa, and two ship-loads sailed from there for Palestine. What became of them is unknown. Others went to Rome, and were there compelled to abandon the enterprise.

Another army from Cologne reached Brundusium (now Brindisi), and many of these children sailed from that place and were never heard of again. The story of the return of the numerous stragglers from the different armies is also given, and is of deep interest. The French children's army, led by Stephen, gathered at Vendome. It numbered about thirty thousand. Some five thousand of these sailed from Marseilles in seven ships. They were not heard of again for eighteen years. Then an aged priest returned to Europe, from long wandering and servitude in the East, and said that he was with the expedition which sailed from Marseilles in 1212. Two of the ships were wrecked on the island of San Pietro, off the coast of Sardinia. The children on the other five vessels were, by the treachery of the ship-masters, carried into Mahometan ports and sold for slaves. Some were taken into Bujeiah, on the north coast of Africa, about a hundred miles east of Algiers. Here they toiled, grew old and died. None of them ever saw Europe again. Others found like bondage in Alexandria, and their final fate was the same. Others still were carried to the distant Bagdad, past Jerusalem itself, and Damascus, to helpless slavery and indescribable suffering, some of them to cruel torture and violent death. It is not known what became of any of the boy-leaders. Stephen and Nicholas, and the others, whose names have not been preserved, may have died in slavery, or they may have left their armies before the departure from Europe. When the news came back to Europe of the fate of the children a monumental church was built on San Pietro, near where the two ships were wrecked. The ruins of this church are still to be seen. —"*The Children's Crusade;*" *an Episode of the Thirteenth Century, by George Zabriskie Gray.*

A Legion of Doctors.

Seventy-four thousand doctors! Think of it. All this number in our country, according to the present census, unless the newspapers inform us falsely. In 1800, there were fifty-five thousand—an increase of 19,000 in ten years, or nearly two thousand a year!

Ought not these figures to "give us pause?" Reflect a moment what an army they would make, even in this day of big armies; or what a city they would form, larger than any in many of the oldest states.

Or, look at it again from another point of view. What a mint of money it takes to support this army! Probably we are within the mark when we calculate that the average income of the 74,000 from practice is a thousand dollars a year each. This makes $74,000,000 a year, which the sick pay for medical advice. For their medicines it is safe to say they pay the odd $26,000,000 which remains to make up $100,000,000 a year, as what sickness costs the American people. And in this calculation we have left altogether out of account the tons and hogsheads of quack medicines which this misguided people pour down their throats. We can safely estimate that at $25,000,000 a year more.

Let the people study these figures awhile, and then reflect that probably one-half, or certainly a large fraction of this expense, is incurred by a deliberate infraction of the laws of health; that if they tippled less, smoked less, over-worked less, were less given to dissipation and wantonness, ate slower exercised more judiciously, were less "fast," and less self-indulgent, they would save some thirty or forty millions a year.

Making money is in America the "chief end of man;" and plenty of advisers are ready with their wise saws to show how it can be accomplished. We are one of them, and offer a saw quite as true and less trite than any of them, and it is this—keep healthy. Living in the midst of a commercial mart, and in the thick of the desperate conflict for wealth, we have seen many a hero in the fight lose all for want of health; lose it, perhaps, just at the moment when a month or two more of work would have made a fortune.

It is said that when Alexander VI. died, his son, the famous Cæsar Borgia, had every provision made to seize the supreme power and make himself master of Italy, that he had every possible contingency guarded, but one, and that was his own physical inability to take advantage of the crisis. But sickened to threatening illness, by the same poisoned wine which killed his father, he lost his chance and died defeated, an exile and a captive. It were well if many an American business man took warning by the moral this fragment of history conveys, and would remember that the labor of a life may be lost by the preventable illness of a week. —*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

How to Quit Swearing.

A story is told of a citizen of Danbury, Connecticut, who was broken of the wretched habit of swearing in a novel manner. He was an inveterate curser and grumbler. At every meal he neglected a blessing, and swore at everything, from the gravy to the teapot. His oaths discolored the napkins, soured the bread, and curdled the milk. His wife, a woman who evidently believed the hair of a dog would cure the bite, stood this unseemly conduct "until forbearance ceased to be a virtue." One morning he was unusually cross and profane, and was about to take a fresh start at something else, when his wife suddenly broke out with a series of oaths that made the old gentleman get up and leave his chair as though some one had introduced a pin between the canes. As soon as she ceased, he breathlessly remarked, "Well, I swear, if it has got so you can swear, it is time I quit." And he did.

DRIFTING.

Echoes of cathedral music
Heard—it may be—long ago,
Linger with us unforgotten,
Haunt us still, and live and grow;
They are drifting, softly drifting
Through the wild unrest of life,
Golden organ-notes, uplifting
Weary souls above the strife.

Though the clamor of the city
Round our outer being rolls,
Still those sacred notes are filling
All the chambers of our souls;
As if touched by hands immortal,
Stray chords, tremulous with love,
Drifted through some open portal
Of the wondrous church above!

In the gray and silent morning,
Ere the shadows are withdrawn,
When the white mist hides the valley
With a veil of airy lawn;
Then we listen—hearing slowly
Through the stillness deep and calm,
Murmurs of that music holy,
Like the cadence of a psalm.

When the summer sunset lingers
Low adown the crimson west,
And the weary hands are folded
With the blessed sense of rest,
Then we listen—strengthened, soothed
By the magic of that strain,
Till the furrowed brow is smoothed,
And the heart grows young again.

They are drifting, softly drifting
Through the great world's daily strife,
Golden organ-notes that tell us
Of a new and better life:
Low, clear music, sweetly blending
With the spirit's voiceless cry;
Under-tones that have no ending,
Echoes of eternity!

SARAH DOUDNEY.

A Thorn in the Flesh.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ZIG.

Friend, you would never guess what it is never in the world. You have heard of the ox that was goaded to madness and to death by a minute gad-fly. Now, I'm not an ox. I wouldn't wish to convey that impression to you, though I may be a gad-fly, for all I know. But I resemble the ox in the respect of being goaded to madness by a very small thing. In point of fact, I'm half-crazy already, without the slightest prospect of any alleviation to my torment.

My thorn in the flesh is housekeeping—small housekeeping. You have no idea of the miseries of housekeeping. It is nearly as bad as school-teaching. Everything about it has a mysterious way of slopping over, and coming at you wrong end foremost. I can't understand it. For instance I try to make bread, Graham bread—make it according to the most approved physiological and scientific principles. But I get the flour all over the floor, all over my dress, all over the stove, where it instantly scorches, and fills the house with smoke and smell; and finally I get that demoniacal brown flour in my hair and eyebrows. I wish you would tell me how it gets there. I wish you would tell me what makes it fly all over creation that way. I give you my word of honor that I have studied on it for hours, and I can't make it out.

Then I get my hands fast in that Graham dough, and can't get 'em out—and just at the moment when I can't possibly get 'em out, I discover that I have forgotten to put in the salt. I also make the discouraging discovery that I have forgotten to get my bake-pans ready. And there I stand, like a fly stuck fast in a quart of molasses. In my frantic struggles to escape, I fling the dough all over the carpet, where it is shortly tracked in, and makes a mess. I believe dough is possessed of Satan.

I try to make a fire in the stove. I am sure I do my best. I poke at the ashes desperately, making plenty noise enough for "a car rattling o'er the stony street." Then I put in a nice lot of kindling, and a little coal on top. Then I light the kindling. It burns bravely, beautifully, and roars like the east wind—till the kindling is gone. Then it stops, and in two minutes that fire is deader than a defeated candidate for Congress. My kindling is all burnt up, every smidgeon of it, and the thermometer stands at three above zero. I wish somebody would kindly advise me what to do when my kindling is all gone and the thermometer stands at three above zero.

But that is by no means the worst of it. While I am still in a stew about that fire, a nice young man raps at the door to leave a package. He looks at me queerly. I think he thinks I have an intellectual countenance. But when I look in the glass, a little later, I see a forked streak of coal-black running down my nose. I believe that must have been why the young man looked at me.

The lady down stairs makes delicious, flaky dough-nuts, and crisp, fragrant coffee cakes. Why can't I do it too? What's the reason I always get in too much Compressed Yeast, or else not enough? What's the reason my gravy is always like fleur-starch, and a loaf of my bread hard enough to knock an ox down with? Why does my fancy cookery always result in an inglorious defeat? I think of keeping a pig to fatten on my failures.

But the hardest to bear of all the miseries of housekeeping is the dish-washing, the execrable, everlasting dish, dish-washing. I don't know where the dishes all come from. I can prove by arithmetic that I own but six plates and five teaspoons. I had six teaspoons, but one of them met with an accident. I had it in my left hand, one day. In my right hand I held the coal-tongs, firmly clasping a big lump of coal to put in the stove. I intended to put the teaspoon into a bowl of jelly on the table. The lump of coal it was my intention to put in the stove. I never shall know how it happened, but somehow my two intentions got crossed on the road, and instead of putting the lump of coal in the stove, I deposited it nicely in the middle of the bowl of jelly, while I threw the teaspoon into the stove. It is needless to remark that the bowl of jelly was overset on the table-cloth. It is also superfluous to add that when the plated teaspoon was rescued from its fiery furnace, it was no longer what it had been. Since then I have had but five teaspoons.

As I began to remark before, I have no idea where all the dishes come from. They pile up and pile up till one would fancy I kept a hotel. It makes no difference whether I eat anything or not. There the tiresome dishes are to be washed, three times a day, all the same. If I have some brave ideas in my head early in the morning, and want to put 'em down right after breakfast, before I forget 'em, I don't dare stop to do it, for there are the eternal dishes before my nose, waiting to be washed. And it is a sign of a poor housekeeper to let your dishes stand. So I go to work, under protest, at those contemptible dishes, and in the midst of the scraping, scouring, and splashing, the ideas, utterly disgusted, wing their flight to realms unknown, and I never see a sign of them again. I don't blame them. I am disgusted myself, only I can't flee away.

I had no idea it took so much time to wash dishes and clean up. It always looks so nice and easy when other folks do it. But it takes me three hours a day. Three hours of valuable time taken out of my life every day, and devoted to dish washing! Think of that, will you? I wouldn't mind it if I were paid for it, because the root of evil is a powerful aid in enduring trouble, and helps matters along amazingly; but I appeal to your enlightened understanding to say whether it isn't discouraging to work three hours every day for nothing. It doesn't agree with my constitution to work for nothing.

I break my finger-nails, burn my hands, scorch my apron, tear my dresses, black myself from head to foot, break my knives, and wear out my temper, none of the best to begin on, between ourselves. And I don't get paid for any of it. That is the grudge I hold against housekeeping.

It is my opinion that a woman who is afflicted with small housekeeping can't do much in the way of literature. The ideas are all roasted out of her head. Ideality and sublimity are fuddled by the smell of boiling turnips. No more is an eloquent flow of language helped along by the odor of cabbage cooking. And I don't think the sound of sputtering mutton-chops is particularly soothing to the mind. However, it's a matter of opinion.

But that good genius who shall invent a way to relieve poor folks of small housekeeping will be a benefactor to the human race. For housekeeping is a perpetual worry and a plague to women who, besides keeping house, have their living to earn in some other way.

Can't some inventive genius take the matter in hand? If he will, the undersigned will vote him a gold-headed cane.

California Gorillas.

"An old hunter," who vouches for the truth of his story, avers that the statement about a gorilla having been seen among the mountains at the head of Orestrimba creek, and in the Crow canon, is strictly true. He says:

"I positively assure you that this gorilla, or wild man, or whatever you choose to call it, is no myth. I know that it exists; and that there are at least two of them, having seen both of them at once not a year ago. Their existence has been reported at times for the last twenty years, and I have heard it said that, in early days, an ourang-outang escaped from a ship on the southern coast; but the creature I have seen is not that animal, and if it is, where did he get his mate?—import her, as the Web-foots did their wives? Last autumn I was hunting in the mountains, about twenty miles south of here, and camped five or six days in one place as I have done every season for the past fifteen years. Several times I returned to my camp, after a hunt, and saw that the ashes and charred sticks from the fire-place had been scattered about.

"An old hunter notices such things, and very soon gets curious to know the cause. Although my bedding and traps and little stores were not disturbed, that I could see, I was anxious to learn who or what it was that so regularly visited my camp, for clearly the half-burned sticks and cinders could not scatter themselves about. I saw no tracks near the camp, as the hard ground, covered with dry leaves, would show none. So I started on a circle round the place, and three hundred yards off, in deep sand, I struck the track of a man's feet, as I supposed bare, and of immense size. Now I was curious sure, and resolved to lay for this bare-footed visitor. I accordingly took a position on a hillside, some sixty or seventy yards from the fire, and securely hid in the brush, I waited and watched.

"Two hours or more I sat there, and wondered if the owner of the bare feet would come again, and whether he imagined what an interest he had created in an inquiring mind, and, finally, what possessed him to be prowling about there with no shoes on. The fire-place was on my right, and the spot where I saw the tracks was on my left, hid by bushes. It was in this direction that my attention was mostly directed, thinking the visitor would appear there, and, besides, it was easier to sit and face there. Suddenly I was startled by a shrill whistle, such as boys produce with two fingers under their tongue; and turning quickly, I ejaculated 'Great God!' as I saw the object of my solicitude standing beside my fire, erect, and looking suspiciously around.

"It was in the image of man, but it could not have been human. I was never so benumbed with astonishment before. The creature, whatever it was, stood fully five feet high, and disproportionately broad and square at the shoulders, with arms of great length. The legs were very short, and the body long. The head was small compared with the rest of the creature, and appeared to be set upon his shoulders without a neck. The whole was covered with dark brown and cinnamon-colored hair, quite long on some parts, and on the head standing in a shock and growing close down to the eyes, like a Digger Indian's.

"As I looked, he threw his head back and whistled again, and then stooped and grasped a stick from the fire. This he swung round and round, until the fire on the end had gone, when he repeated the manœuvre. I was dumb almost, and could only look. Fifteen minutes I sat and watched him, as he whistled and scattered my fire about. I could easily have put a bullet through his head, but why should I kill him? Having amused himself, apparently, all he desired, with my fire, he started to go, and having gone a short distance, returned, and was joined by another—a female, unmistakably—when they both turned and walked past me, within twenty yards of where I sat, and disappeared in the bush.

"I could not have had a better opportunity for observing them; they were unconscious of my presence. Their only object in visiting my camp seemed to be to amuse themselves with swinging lighted sticks around. I have told that story many times since then, and it has often raised an incredulous smile; but I have met no person who has seen the mysterious creatures, but a dozen who have come across their tracks at various places between here and Pacheo Pass."

A WOMAN'S ANSWER TO A MAN'S QUESTION.

BY LENA LATHROP.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above?
A woman's heart and a woman's life—
And woman's wonderful love!

Do you know you have asked for this price less thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out—
Man-like have you questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as His Heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a far greater thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for socks and fur shirt,
I look for a man and a king—

A king for the beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the Maker God
Shall look upon as He did on the first,
And say "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day—
Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mong the blooms of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds Heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook
You can hire, and little to pay;
But a woman's heart, and a woman's life,
Are not to be won that way.

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

Milly found her aunt in a state of great alarm and almost inclined to be hysterical over her restoration, until she was lost in wonder by the announcement concerning Milly's companion in the adventure.

"Leonie Dormer!" she exclaimed. "Why, I never heard the like! They told me there was another lady out, but they called her Mrs. Dew. What on earth did you say or do?"

"Why we laughed," said Milly; "then she broke her foot, then I mended it; then we lay down in my plaid and talked trash, and then the people found us—and who do you think headed the scouting party?"

"I am sure I cannot guess."

"Mark Lasley! What he is doing here, or how he happened to be here, goodness only knows—he hurt his arm coming back, to complete the romance."

"It's exactly like a novel," said Mrs. Gresham.

"Oh, very like," returned Milly, yawning. "But I shall go and see Mrs. Dormer, and then go to bed and finish the novel in the morning."

The next day Mrs. Dormer was unable to leave her room, and the doctor pronounced it necessary for her to nurse herself very carefully for awhile and give the injured foot entire rest. She suffered a good deal of pain and was inclined to be feverish, but it seemed to Milly that was owing to some agitation of mind rather than to her physical suffering.

Mark Lasley was at the hotel still; he heard from the physician of Mrs. Dormer's state, and did not attempt to see her, but he lay in wait for Milly, and when he met her in the hall, startled her by his manner and his eager questions.

"Beg her to see me as soon as she is able," he said; "I shall remain here."

Milly went back to Leonie and repeated the message, but there was no reply. Leonie turned her head on the pillow so that her face was hidden, and did not speak for a long time. Milly might have thought that she slept but for the spasmodic quivering of her hands at intervals and the choked sob which several times reached her ears, but she was too wise to worry her charge by asking a single question.

Mrs. Gresham had gone that morning according to promise to spend a couple of days with an acquaintance who lived in the neighborhood, so there was nothing to prevent Milly's devoting herself to Mrs. Dormer, and she grew so much worse after the physician had paid his afternoon visit that she needed care, and her maid seemed as utterly helpless as a frightened partridge.

It was strange enough to Milly to sit by that bed watching the woman whom she believed willfully and wickedly to have worked her so much harm, to recall her old hatred and their last strange meeting in the presence of Philip Yates, but that was no time for indulging in unkind feeling, nor was there in her thoughts any Pharisaical idea of heaping coals of fire upon her enemy's head, which is about the most unsatisfactory employment any human being ever attempted.

As night came on Leonie's fever increased until at times she wandered a little in her mind, but the doctor had prepared Milly therefor, so she was not alarmed. Half between sleeping and waking Leonie talked disconnectedly of people and things, concerning which Milly was ignorant—talked of the most trivial and long-forgotten matters, as people will do in delirium, novel writers to the contrary notwithstanding. Sometimes she seemed frightened—oppressed by some danger—two or three times called Lasley's name wildly—uttered appealing words to Philip Yates bearing upon the secret which Milly knew to exist between them—but at such times she would rouse herself with a great effort and say wearily—

"How good you are, how good you are! Wasn't I talking great nonsense?"

Then the effort to control herself would be too much for body and mind; her head would sink back on her pillow, and half-dozing she would complain of being "so tired." She was journeying over a stony road, or she was out of breath climbing a hill and so tired—else somebody was angry with her, and she was full of grief at not being able to explain something. Then she went further away—away off into her childhood and confused Milly with some long-lost companion whom she had loved, lavished tender epithets upon her, and would not believe they were friends unless Milly allowed her to rest her hot cheek upon her bosom, and answered gently all her impatient pleadings.

At last she fell asleep soundly, and Milly sat watching the beautiful face, afraid to move lest she should disturb her, thinking what a strange chance it was that had brought her near this woman under such circumstances—for Milly was no wiser than the rest of us, and said chance, when if she had stopped to reflect, she knew there was no such thing, no space for it in all the scope of eternity.

The next day Leonie was better, but by the physician's orders she lay still on a sofa, and he promised her that if she would be patient, perhaps on the following day she would be able to be helped down stairs.

"It is a shame to keep you here a prisoner," Leonie said to Milly; "but I can't bear to be left alone."

"I should not leave you," Milly answered; "I am glad to stay."

"Have you seen Mr. Lasley?" Leonie asked after a little.

"Yes; he sent up to me this morning—I could tell him you were better," Milly replied. "I have something to give you when you are well enough to read it."

Leonie stretched out her hand, and Milly put into it the note with which Lasley had intrusted her, then busied herself at the other side of the room while Leonie read it.

For a long time she lay there quiet; it was growing dusk now, and Milly could not see her face, but it seemed to her that Leonie was weeping silently. At last Milly heard her call her name in a steady voice.

"What is it?" she asked, going toward her. "Do you want to be moved?"

"No, no," Leonie answered. "Sit down here—I want to talk to you."

"Shall I light the lamp?"

"Not yet; I like the twilight," Leonie replied. "You don't mind sitting by me here?"

"Certainly not."

"My good Milly! I may call you Milly?"

"If you like," Milly answered, touched by her humility, wondering within herself if she had misjudged this woman throughout—if in her passion she had as much exaggerated the wrong done to herself as she began to believe she had the secret which troubled Mrs. Dormer's life.

"Do you remember our last meeting, Milly?" Leonie said, suddenly. "I thought you were a little hard to me then—I thought you were leagued with my enemy to work me more ill. I can beg your pardon now—you see, I had grown suspicious of the whole world—you can forgive me?"

"I was hard and cruel," Milly answered; "I was sorry for it at the time, but I was so wicked in those days."

"My poor Milly," whispered Leonie, "and you were suffering too."

That was a matter which Milly did not choose to touch; she remained silent. Presently Leonie spoke again.

"I have been thinking so much of your kindness during these days—I haven't had much in my life, Milly! Once before a human being was my friend in a season of great need—shall I tell you who that was?"

"Of course; did I know him?"

"You know him—it was Walter Thorman."

Leonie felt the hand she had taken grow cold and tremble, but she held it fast, saying—

"Don't take your hand away, Milly; sit still—I want to talk to you about him."

"I don't care to hear you," Milly answered, steadily.

"Because you don't believe with me that he is good and kind?"

"Partly that," said Milly, her voice growing a little hard. "But perhaps you know him better than I did."

"Oh, Milly! Weren't you engaged to him?"

Milly snatched away her hand; her first impulse was to rise and go out of the room, but Leonie clung to her dress.

"You mustn't go, Milly—you shan't go! Forgive me if my question sounded cruel—indeed I did not mean to be."

"Then we will talk of something else," returned Milly, sitting down by her again.

"No; of that," said Leonie, in her most persuasive tone. "I want to know what made the trouble between you. It is not curiosity, Milly—oh, believe it! I have an odd feeling—don't laugh—that the end is near—I don't know how—but talk to me as freely as if I were dying—"

"What do you mean?" interrupted Milly, looking at her eagerly in the dim light to see if her mind was wandering again.

"I am not delirious," Leonie said; "feel how cool my hand is, I have no fever. That was a silly speech of mine! Tell me what made the trouble between you and Walter Thorman."

"It is easily enough told; his arrogance and my girlish caprices,—wasn't that enough?"

"No; for I think—I am sure—that he loved you."

Milly drew her hand resolutely away, and said, sternly—

"Don't say one word more; if you and I are to speak or meet again, this subject must never be mentioned between us."

"Then you still hate and despise me? You will not talk frankly with me, so that I may find courage to tell you everything—to try, by my explanations, to change your harsh judgment of me into pity at least. How could you answer me like that?"

"No other subject could make me, Leonie."

"Because—because you love him?" whispered Mrs. Dormer.

"It is probable," returned Milly, with the bitter laugh that had of late been unfamiliar to her lips. "Do I belong to the order of women, do you think, who can, when they have been lied to and deceived, still love on? I believe there is more of the tigress than the spaniel in my nature."

"Walter Thorman never deceived any human being," exclaimed Leonie, warmly.

There came back to Milly that thought which had occurred to her that night in the glen—Leonie loved him, would marry him; if it killed her, she would not shrink now from any conversation concerning him.

"I know what I say," pursued Leonie; "you may trust to it, Milly—I can prove my words."

"Indeed, Mrs. Dormer, its truth or falsity has no interest for me," Milly answered, calmly. "Mr. Thorman has passed completely out of my life and thoughts."

"The man one has loved can't be got rid of so easily," replied Leonie; "one may think so for a time, but it cannot be done! And Walter Thorman loved you;—don't you believe me?"

"No," said Milly, coldly; "I know that he did not. He was a tired, worldly man; he considered me a child, and as such he fancied me for a time; but when he found that I could think and feel, if I could not reason, that I was horribly ill-tempered and exacting, he was very glad to let me go."

"Did he say all this?"

"He was not likely to say it, Leonie; but I was quick to understand. Young as I was, you cannot suppose that I was an utter idiot, without perception or imagination."

"On the contrary, I fancy both were too excitable," replied Mrs. Dormer. "And you sent Thorman away?"

"Out of my life at least—yes."

"I only heard the incomprehensible story, your silly little cousin told me the day I tried to see you," said Leonie. "But I know that you must have broken the engagement; he was not the man to do that, though you tormented him a good deal."

"Perhaps he complained to you," flashed Milly, with a momentary gleam of the old fire.

"He was not a man to do that," said Leonie, gently, "I found it out for myself—but not long before the end came, and I have not heard from him since he went to Europe."

Milly began to marvel at that; perhaps Leonie loved him, and he did not care for her; Milly softened into a kinder mood.

"Nor have I," said she, "so we have reached the conclusion of the episode—now we can talk of something else."

"Not just yet, Milly! I have told you that I want to talk to you about myself—I can't do it until I understand exactly why you disliked me so much. What made you break your engagement, Milly?"

That question brought back too plainly to the girl's mind the night when she had parted with Thorman—the scene in the boudoir—the kiss she had seen him press on Leonie's hand—the broken words she had heard him speak.

"I think we had better end here," she said, slowly.

"What made you start so, Milly? You say you don't love him."

"I was thinking of you rather than him," returned Milly, forcing herself to speak calmly. "I was thinking how strange that we should sit here together, and that you should ask me the question."

"Now tell me what you mean, Milly."

"I did not mean to say that, at all events."

"But you have said it—you must explain. See here, Milly, since I have had time to think—just then I was too near mad to be able—I have feared that I had a share in your trouble. You vexed me very often; I rather fancied you liked Thorman, and I wanted to tease you. Can you forgive my being so mean?"

"Easily now."

"And I was to blame?"

"Leonie, I may as well speak—"

"If you will tell me your whole heart I shall believe that you have ceased to think harshly of me—and I need a little kindness, Milly—oh, never woman needed it more sorely."

"Yes; I have hated you—worse even—there!"

"Oh, Milly, what did I do?"

"I can understand now; it was only as my aunt said, mere coquetry on your part, but I thought you were a wicked woman—I must have been very bad to have had such thoughts."

"Do you mean something that man told you—Yates?"

"No; I did not see him until—oh, how contemptible that was of me! Whatever you did, my revenge was worse."

"Never mind him now, Milly! Tell me exactly what share I had in your trouble with Thorman."

"I was jealous of you," returned Milly. "He tormented me—I hated you with all my heart and soul."

"But he loved you, Milly—he loved you."

Milly's penitence and remorse died out under her fresh anger.

"Hush," she said harshly. "You say you want me to believe you—don't make it impossible."

"What do you mean? He did not deceive you."

"He loved you, Leonie Dormer," exclaimed Milly, "and you know it."

"Never—never! He was good and true; he could not lie."

Milly struggled from her and rose; her soul was full of bitterness; the old belief in Leonie's falsity came back so strongly that she longed to get away from her presence. But the woman clung to her, saying vehemently—

"He never loved me—he was not untrue."

"Oh, madam," cried Milly, "what can you gain by trying to cheat me now? That night at the ball—that last night! I was in the room when he kissed your hand—when he said—"

She broke off with a shudder and turned proudly away, but Leonie sank almost on her knees with a humility that seemed strange to her haughty nature.

"Try to believe me," she pleaded, "for my sake—for my soul's sake, Milly!"

"You were free to love him if you saw fit," answered Milly; "the treachery was on his side—treacherous to both, since he was my betrothed husband when he spoke words of love to you."

"He never did—there is your error; he never did."

Milly would hear no more—would not remain an instant longer. But Leonie clasped her arms about her waist and held her still.

"I shall go mad, if you leave me, Milly! Be patient—I can clear all this up. I understand now—I remember that night."

"Then we need talk no more."

"It is for that very reason you must listen—you were mistaken. Do you hear me, Milly—don't refuse to hear what may bring back peace to you."

Milly conquered her passion. There was truth in the woman's voice she could not help feeling. She sat down to listen.

"Go on," she said, "I will hear you."

"Milly, Walter Thorman was once very

kind to me—he saved me in a moment of great peril—saved me from that man you have seen. It was in California—two years ago—we did not meet after until he came back to town last spring. I was very wretched—Thorman knew more of my past than anybody else—it made a tie of friendship between us. Oh, are you listening—are you believing, Milly?"

"Yes, yes; tell me the rest."

"I liked you," pursued Leonie; "you were so pretty—like a flower or a picture. I did not know you cared for him really. At last it was rumored that you were engaged. I thought he would have told me if it were so. You grew dreadfully rude to me, and I tried to vex you—but oh, I did not mean to wreck your peace forever."

"Go on, Leonie."

"You were capricious with Thorman—you made him think that he had been mistaken in you—that you were jealous and tyrannical, and that your love would never bring him the rest he craved, perhaps too selfishly. Do you see this?"

"I have no desire to exculpate myself; I did wrong, but at least I was true! I loved him, and he—"

"Wait, Milly, I am coming to that—that last night. You did behave badly—he was hurt and angry, and I was in a reckless mood—if you knew what I was living through—Milly, I was like the man who had a sword suspended over his head by a hair, and knew that the blow might fall at any instant."

Milly drew both the shaking hands into her own with a sudden pity and held them fast.

"We were standing in that little room—he told me of his engagement to you—his fears that he had been mistaken in your character. I answered that I thought you a child, but it was youth and innocence that he coveted, so he must be content. He was wrong, I told him, not to show you more of his real self and teach you to come up where he stood, if he loved you. 'I do love her,' he said, 'she is my last hope of peace'—and he meant it."

Milly listened breathlessly now.

"Then we began talking all sorts of nonsense and bitter misanthropy. He said at last that he was a greater fool than he had thought—that he had never believed he could be so weak as to love as he did then—broke off, laughing, I suppose ashamed of showing me how he suffered—said something about my being a sweet comforter, and just out of a man's foolish gallantry, kissed my hand and hurried away—then you came in. I can see how it appeared to you, Milly, but you believe me—say that you do."

"I do," Milly answered; "I do."

"Then you drove me wild with your mysterious threat—"

"Wait, Leonie, wait! It is I who need forgiveness."

Milly told her rapidly of her reason for going to the dinner at Andrews' house—her meeting with Yates—all that had been said then, and in the second interview which Leonie interrupted.

"I know nothing more," she said, "but I believe that you are innocent of any wrong in this matter, too. Ah, Leonie, if I had only been less hard we might have helped each other."

"No help was possible for me," she answered; "the same trouble haunts my life still—God only knows whether there will ever be any release in this world."

Milly would not ask a question for fear of wounding her; she only said—

"If there were anything I could do."

"Nothing, Milly, but give me a little sympathy and love! Why, down-stairs now is a man that loves me, and from him most of all I must keep aloof, lest I bring danger and disgrace upon him."

"You mean Mark Lasley," Milly said, and quick as lightning she recalled a score of trifles connected with the past winter which might have shown her that, if she had not been so blind.

"Yes—and oh, Milly, I love him—I have scarcely dared to say it to myself before," she cried in bitter anguish. "In spite of the doubts which have been forced upon him—my refusal to explain, he is here again, and this time it crushes my heart utterly to send him away."

"And you must?"

"Could I put him in peril—for he would try any means to free me from this horror that haunts my life! No, he must go—this time I must make the parting irrevocable. And after? I don't know—I can't think! If I should go to the end of the earth that wretch's hatred would follow me—but that is nothing—I'm thinking of my poor heart that breaks, breaks to consummate its own misery."

"And there is no way out?"

"None—none that would not leave me disgraced in the world's eyes—at least an object of pity and contempt—could I link my name to any honorable man's after that, even if he would marry me—though I believe he would—God bless him—I believe he would."

"And money will not buy you relief? You are rich, they say—if I might help you too—you know I have a fortune now."

"Good Milly, kind Milly! No way—no hope! I have given thousands—more to buy freedom from his presence than anything else—but if I relinquished all I have I could find no means of buying my safety—at any time he might come back to threaten me—worse, to tell me of his love! And I have lived to hear it—to say it—oh my God, my God, why am I punished so much more than other women!"

She buried her face in her hands and groaned aloud under the agony that could find no relief, no tears. Milly had no words with which to comfort her; she could only try to soothe her into quiet, to whisper the words that during the past weeks of bitter feeling she had repeated over and over to her own heart, and sought to believe—

"God never forgets!"

The spasm of suffering passed soon; Leonie Dormer had borne her wretchedness too long not to be able to keep it from overwhelming her for any lengthened period. She sat up at last; kissing Milly's forehead and speaking with more composure.

"I do believe that," she answered; "thank you for reminding me. I meant to have told you the whole—see what a miserable fool I am! Now that I know you believe me I shrink from exposing myself to your pity—for you would only feel that, Milly. I have been such a proud woman—I cling to the old sin so firmly still, for all I have been so humbled and crushed."

"Tell me nothing, Leonie—try and go to sleep. I believe you—I trust you—if ever in any way I can help you, only promise to let me."

"I do—I will! But sit here yet, Milly—I can't sleep. Let me forget myself—that is something. And you are satisfied now—you are at rest—you exonerate Thorman from any deceit."

"Entirely; I see it all clearly now."

"And you are glad again—you hope?"

There was no responsive pressure to the hand that she laid on Milly's—Leonie looked at her in surprise.

"Tell me what you feel?" she urged.

"Very thankful that my love was not wasted on an unworthy object," Milly answered, wiping away a few quiet tears; "full of remorse for all the bitterness I cherished in my heart during those black months; grateful to God that I had tried to be less wicked, for if this news had come to me while I was so hard and wicked, I should have been overpowered by shame at my sin against the Father in losing hope and faith."

"And is that all, Milly?"

"That is all! Glad to know you thoroughly—for I love you now, Leonie, and always shall."

"And I love you, too, and I want you to be happy."

"I shall grow so in the fulfillment of duty—there is no other real happiness."

"But there is! Duty is cold and harsh; there is another happiness—it is not too late to find it."

"Hush, Leonie."

"Does not this confirmation of his truth bring back your old love, your old hopes, Milly?"

"No; the past is irrevocable."

"Not to you—not to you—with nothing to blot out but the remembrance of a lover's quarrel."

"Walter Thorman and I are separated forever—better so," Milly answered. "He never loved me as I really was—he was wrong to patronize and look down upon me, and I was outraged not wholly by the foolish jealousy of a girl—I had the strength of a woman who feels that she is slighted and underrated."

"But it is all so different now."

"Not in the least! He wanted a child's love—to be looked up to and worshipped. The man who loves me must respect me as his equal, feel that there is no depth in his soul I could not reach, no aspiration that I could not share."

"How firm and stern you are! I thought you were only influenced by your belief in his falsehood."

"Now that doubt is gone, the other causes that must sooner or later have separated us, rise up more strongly."

"But when I tell you that he loved you!"

"Don't mock the word, Leonie—you and I know what love is. There are girls content to remain children—content to nestle in the outer folds of their husband's hearts, and never know how dark a door is shut between their souls; I am not such an one."

"No, Milly, you are not."

"And since it was such a wife Walter Thorman wanted, he could not love me. By this time he has forgotten his dream. I had not passed deep enough into his life to be long regretted."

"I do not believe that, Milly."

"Well, if he regrets me, it is as one misses a favorite flower—a bird—any trifle with which one amused a leisure hour."

"If he could see you as you really are—"

"Don't I tell you he could not love me—I am not a child? Or would you have me call him back, if it were possible? No; we are separated forever—I am content—my life is settled now."

Leonie urged her no further. She only sighed—

"It is so dreary to be alone—life is so heavy and black."

"Perhaps not in time, Leonie—I believe not."

"Ah, you can hope! I am older than you—I have borne a trouble more wearing if not more sharp! If I could have died, Milly! I know how weak it is—but I am so tired—oh, so tired."

"My poor Leonie," whispered Milly; it was her turn to comfort now—though all she could offer was tender, gentle words.

"I needn't keep you up all night to listen to my wailings," Leonie said, at last. "Go you to bed and sleep—I shall be better in the morning."

"And Leonie—I don't want to trouble you—but all this time Mr. Lasley has had no word from you."

"I will see him—I ought to refuse—but I can't deny myself!" said Leonie, twisting her white hands hard together in dreary self-restraint. "To-morrow, if I can—though he had better go away," she continued, with a quick change of feeling. "Tell him to go—that I will not see him. It is useless—worse—fresh pain to both—oh, beg him to go."

She would not allow Milly to remain in her room that night, declaring that she could sleep, and resolutely ordering away her maid when she came to beg to be allowed to stay.

So Leonie wore out the night by herself as she had done so many others, disturbed for a long time by the echo of a step on a veranda below—and she knew that Mark Lasley was keeping vigil too.

Late in the night she sat down and wrote a long letter to Walter Thorman, and when it was done, murmured to herself—

"At least I can do so much—thank God for that!"

CHAPTER XXX.

The next day Milly found Mrs. Dormer suffering less physical pain, but she knew the instant she looked in her face that no sleep had visited the hollow, mournful eyes during the whole long night. But Leonie talked and tried to be herself, and kept so resolutely away from any serious subject, that it was not until afternoon that Milly found courage to tell her that she had already seen Mr. Lasley several times that morning.

"You gave him my message," Leonie said sharply. "Then there is no necessity for sending any other—let him go away."

"He refuses to do so without seeing you," Milly said. "Indeed, I could not help pitying him—he looks so worn and wretched."

"And I?" cried Leonie, passionately. "If it is hard for him, what do you think it is for me? But I am not utterly selfish; it is not for myself I shrink—a little more pain,—what does it signify in a life like mine? But I can't bear to see him suffer—I am not strong enough! O Milly, beg him, if he has any mercy, to go away. How do I know what peril he may run in lingering near me! Every step I take is watched! No wonder you look at me as if I were a mad woman—O Milly, Milly!"

She checked the tide of emotion which burst out in her voice as she uttered that desolate cry, and once more begged Milly to go down. She was ill—she would see no one—there was nothing to be said—she wished to hear nothing.

Milly went away to do her bidding, but whether she could not make the message sound heartless enough in her sympathy for both, or whether Lasley had determined that nothing should rouse his temper, he only answered,

"I shall stay till I see her—be it a day or a year—tell her that."

So Milly went up stairs again with his reply, and Leonie wrung her hands and moaned, and had to come out of her miserable tragedy to receive the doctor. He pronounced her foot much better—she was not to use it much; in a few days she would find it trouble her very little. Milly wondered at her self-control; there she sat, bewitching the staid old physician by her conversation, beguiling him into forgetfulness of all other patients, and yet Milly knew that the creature was nearly wild with excitement, and only kept him there because his presence freed her from any fear of Lasley's intruding.

But when evening came Mark sent up a brief note it was growing late—he would leave the house and trouble her no more if she would see him.

"Help me down stairs," Leonie said wearily, and in spite of Milly's expostulations that it would be better to let him come there, she would descend to the quiet parlor—a room in a retired part of the house, opening upon a veranda.

Although it was not yet ten o'clock, the orderly people of the establishment appeared all to have gone to rest, and the quiet of the dwelling was fairly oppressive.

Milly helped her friend to the parlor door; as she opened it they saw Mark Lasley standing by one of the windows, looking out into the starlit night. He turned at the sound, came forward a few steps, but Milly motioned him back, for she felt Leonie tremble so violently that her woman's intuition told her she must have a little respite. Milly seated her upon a sofa and went softly out of the room, and once more the pair were alone.

"I am sorry to have been so troublesome to you, Mrs. Dormer," Lasley said, trying to speak in an indifferent voice as he approached and stood leaning against a table near her couch.

"I think," she answered gently, "that is not exactly the word to use."

It required an almost superhuman effort of will to sit there quietly and note the changes that the weeks of suffering since they parted had wrought in his face; but she bore it, for his sake still, as a woman will bear any pang for the man she loves.

"It seems to me a very correct one," said he, with the same bitter voice, through which pierced the anguish he tried in vain to hide. "You can console yourself by thinking what an inconsistent fool I am proved by my very obstinacy in insisting on seeing you."

"I should find small consolation in that," she replied. "I did wish that you would go away without this interview."

"And why?"

"Because it can only be painful to us both—"

"Not to you," he broke in; "you feel nothing, and what do you care for any pain that I may endure?"

"You would not believe me if I said that I did."

"No; I don't want any more falsehoods—I don't wish to hate you."

"You said once that you had not feeling enough left toward me even for hatred."

"I have made several vows to you and broken them; I swore never to speak to you again."

"It shall not be my fault if you have to," she answered drearily, sick to remember that perhaps never in this world would she be able to explain the cause of her conduct. They might both grow old and her lips still be sealed, or his restless soul might suddenly wear out its body and he die at a distance from her, and she have no opportunity to ease her heart of its load and obtain his forgiveness—for if he could know the whole story he would forgive her; he might hold her guilty, but he would pity her. Ah, if she could only fall there at his feet dying and know that she was free to speak without leaving him a legacy of vengeance which he would feel bound to work out! But she could not die, and her lips must remain closed, for trouble and desperate secrets have a certain prosaic side in this century, unless one is willing to be thrust out beyond the pale of respectability and made matter for gossip in all the newspapers from St. Petersburg to the city of Mexico. It might have been well enough in the middle ages for distressed damsels to call upon faithful knights to fight duels in their behalf; but to-day, knights indulging in such business, run the risk of being sent to a state prison, and the distressed ladies of being dragged into a police court as witnesses, and except those who are own cousins to Anonyma, by nature at least, women prefer going unavenged to incurring such very commonplace and disgusting publicity.

So Leonie merely told her old friend that he should not be vexed by meeting her again if she could help it, and said no more.

"I suppose you are only too glad not to see me," returned he.

"Unless we can meet without bitter words and harsh feelings, certainly it is better not," she answered.

"And we can't," he exclaimed; "you know that."

"Then we are better away from one another, surely."

"Did my falsehood bring this about?" he asked quickly, for she made a movement to leave the room, and though the conversation nearly maddened him, he could not bear to see her go.

She would not ask for any mercy; she would not beg him to spare her such taunts; not because the pride which had been one of the ruling passions of her life forbade—it was too utterly crushed to cry out now—but it would only be dangerous to soften his feelings if she could; the old scenes would have to be gone over again, and she had no strength to support their pain.

He repeated his question, with a lack of generosity for which all that was best and most manly in his nature would reproach him when his anger was past.

"No, it was my fault," she answered; "but not as you mean it—I had no thought of being deceitful and false."

"I wonder at your making an excuse so pitiful," said he angrily.

"Nay, I will not try to excuse myself at all," she said; "I could say nothing that would change me in your eyes—ah, if I could!"

"You say that with an immense deal of Christian patience and resignation—one would think I had done you some great wrong, and you were proving your claims to goodness by forgiving it."

She only smiled; it was easier to bear those reproaches than to hear his words of love, at which her tortured heart throbbed so wildly.

"Whatever you said I could forgive it," she answered.

"I am less of a saint," retorted he; "I don't pretend to forgive—I tell you plainly that I never will."

"Stop," she said sadly; "if this is to be the last time we talk together, don't say things that you will regret, though you believe I deserve them."

"Do you not know that you deserve all I could say?"

"Yes; but not in the sense that you mean. I think nobody could judge me more harshly than I do myself, though in many ways I could not act differently. I have been a coward, but cowardice was not the only motive which kept me silent."

"Now you are talking riddles, as you used to do."

"And it is very foolish—I'll not do so any more."

There was an unconscious pathos in her voice, which went straight to his heart in spite of his anger and his assumed hardness, that he had essayed so diligently during weeks and weeks to make real.

"You are very tired," he said; "I was cruel to ask you to come down; I should have waited till morning."

She repeated the words softly to herself—ah, the morning would never break for her in this world! If only she could help him—if she could do something to dispel the night and prove that for him at least there might be a new day, with fresh hopes and truer aims, untroubled by any thought of her, unless it might be that he should learn to think gently of her as of one dead and gone out of his life forever.

"If I only could!" She did not mean to utter the words aloud—she was not aware that she had done so until she heard him ask eagerly what she meant.

"I believe I was only thinking aloud," she said; "at least I cannot translate my thought."

"More play acting?" sneered he.

"You would not have wondered at that," she replied, in the same sad, gentle voice. "But I was not acting, Mark! I should have been glad to hear you say that you had forgiven me—but you cannot do that—yet."

As she turned her face, the light from the lamp fell full upon it; he saw how ghastly white it was, and how thin it had grown since they parted.

"I did not think you would care," he said, in an altered tone.

"Yes, I care—perhaps sometime you will know how much—then you may be able to do it. I think that if we were ever so far apart, I should know it; I think when you remembered me more gently, I should feel it, no matter how far off the time or how impassable the distance which separated us."

"A woman could only do that if she loved the man and knew that he was mistaken in believing himself wronged," he replied, gazing fixedly at her.

She did not speak; she could make no answer to words like those; she would not lie, and the truth must not be uttered.

"This is not so with you," he continued, after an instant's waiting.

She was silent still.

"Why don't you speak?" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Why don't you defend yourself? No: you do not love me, and you feel that I have suffered wrong at your hand."

"Not wilfully, oh, not wilfully," she replied. "I wish it were in my power to make you believe that."

"How can I, after all that is past?"

"No," she answered, slowly and thoughtfully; "how could you."

"Then you acknowledge it?"

"I had not done so willingly, I said. I did not mean it—indeed I did not."

"There are women who can make that plea—they do their mischief and really have not brains enough to comprehend. But you are not one of them—you cannot shield yourself against your own reproaches or mine, by that childish protestation."

"I cannot shield myself in any way," she said; "let me be silent."

When she looked and spoke in that subdued, altered manner, he could not reply harshly. The great love that was always at the bottom of his heart, try as he might to crush or pervert it, rose again over the load of bitterness and anger with which he had charged it, and asserted itself with all its former power.

"Answer me!" he exclaimed. "Tell me that it is not out of wickedness that you have done this—not for worldly ambition! That there is some reason at the bottom which has made you separate yourself from me! I will not ask what it is—I will go away if you bid me—but leave me some faith, some belief in humanity to keep my life from being an utter wreck."

"If I could do this," she said, in the same slow, thoughtful voice, "would you not suffer even more? If you knew that I was to be pitied—blamable in many things perhaps—but needing the sympathy and compassion of a true heart like yours, would it not be harder to bear than thinking me cold and heartless?"

"Easier—much easier!"

She was getting on dangerous ground; she must not continue; she should tell him the whole story, and she knew his temper and impetuosity too well not to be certain that he would seek her tormentor far and near, and perhaps bring worse ruin upon her by harm to himself, in his efforts to rescue her.

It was like a doomed man rejecting a reprieve, but she must speak the words in some way.

"I might say this," she replied, "if I were weak and wicked enough; I might let you go thinking that I was in a strait which prevented my acting otherwise than I have—"

"You are," he interrupted; "I have many times thought so—I believe it now! Tell me, Leonie; let me help you."

"There is no human being that could help me," she answered. "I am not base enough to work upon your compassion. Let me go;" for he had caught her hand and was holding it fast.

"Tell me," he repeated, disregarding her assertion. "If I could not aid you—if you cannot tell me what your secret is—trust me so far! Let me know that you did care for me, that it is fate and not you, who has done this evil work."

He let her hand go at a quick effort she made to release it, and stood watching her. She tottered feebly as she tried to move toward a window, for a horribly faint feeling had come over her.

"Do you want it opened?" he asked, as she fumbled with the spring that held it.

"Yes—the heat sickens me."

He pushed it ajar and unfastened the shutter, swinging that back too, and the chill wind eddied into the room and she stood leaning against the casement which opened like a door.

"You did love me," he went on, "you do—nothing shall ever make me doubt that again! Only put your hands in mine and say so—trust me! No matter what this secret may be—trust me! Nothing could make my love less—there is nothing from which my love could not protect you—"

"I think that will do," interrupted a man's voice. There was a step on the veranda, and Philip Yates stood in the room.

Faint and stupid as she was with fear, Leonie instinctively moved between the two men, as Lasley cried out—

"Who are you? What do you want here?"

"Ask that lady," returned Yates; "she knows and can tell you."

Mark recognized him—he was not likely to have forgotten the man's face.

"Whoever you are and whatever you may want," he said, "you must leave this house."

"That's as it may be," returned Yates coolly; "at all events, I should not go alone."

"We'll see that," exclaimed Lasley, forgetting his maimed condition and springing forward, blind with fury, when Leonie's hand on his arm checked him.

"For God's sake, stop!" she muttered.

"Who is this fellow?—what does he want?"

"Let me speak to him—"

"Nonsense," broke in Yates. "We've had enough of this! Look you, my lady, I told you that you couldn't take a step without my knowledge—I'm here to prove it."

Lasley tried once more to put Leonie aside—but she clung to him with a strength which in a moment of less excitement she would not have been capable of exercising.

"You shall not," she repeated again and again, "go away—go away!"

"He need not," said Yates; "I mean he shall hear everything."

Leonie made no reply; she only held fast to Lasley's arm and kept her stand between them.

"I will hear nothing from you," cried Mark. "Leave this house."

"Then she goes with me," returned Yates. "Mark Lasley, I have come for my wife!"

Lasley staggered back against the table, and stared blindly at the speaker.

"It is false!" Leonie exclaimed, in her clear voice. "Philip Yates, you have done your worst—I defy you now! Mark, it is false! He has persecuted me long enough; I have held my peace through pride, through fear—I must speak now."

With a fearful malediction, Lasley started forward—he put his injured hand in his bosom; it is possible that the villain watching, thought he did it to draw forth some concealed weapon—he may have acted partly from the instinct of self-preservation, as well as to gratify the hatred in his heart. Quick as lightning he stepped back—pushed Leonie violently aside—his right hand went into his pocket—straight out—a flash—a stunning report—and Mark Lasley fell heavily upon the floor.

"You loved him—at least I have my revenge!"

Leonie heard the words, then the murderer was gone—and she knelt beside his victim and tugged wildly at his waistcoat, through which a red stream trickled rapidly, staining her hands with his heart's blood.

"Mark, Mark!"

He heard her agonized voice; it seemed to call him back for a little from the very brink of death; his eyes opened—a smile crossed his lips.

"Say I did it," he murmured; "there's a pistol in my pocket—an accident—"

He broke off to exert his waning strength in getting out the revolver, and it dropped on the floor.

"Mark, Mark!"

"I have freed you—so much good at least! He can't come back! I loved you, Leonie—I loved you."

He had raised himself in the great effort he made to speak; his wandering eyes strove to fasten themselves on her face; his hand stretched itself out convulsively in search of hers; then his head sank on her arm—there was a low groan, and he lay motionless.

The report of the pistol had roused the sleepers in the house; they rushed in wild confusion into the room. There Leonie knelt, supporting Lasley—and as Milly reached her side, she stared up in her face with a dull, absent look, muttering—

"He's dead—he's dead!"

There were rapid questions from all the horror-stricken group, but she made no other answer than that dismal moan—"He's dead—he's dead!"

They took up the senseless body and carried it away, and laid it with awful reverence upon a bed. Nobody spoke any more—nobody shrieked—no woman fainted. There was the strange, fearful calm that usually follows such a deed of horror. Leonie accompanied them to the chamber whither they conveyed Lasley, and Milly clung to her, endeavoring to support her, but she did not falter.

"Try to tell us," pleaded Mr. Gleason. "How did this happen? It is a pistol shot—who fired it?"

But she only answered with that heart-breaking moan—

"He is dead—he is dead!"

She crouched by the bed and felt blindly about to discover if any pulse stirred in his breast. The landlord leaned over and laid his hand above the heart of the prostrate man.

"It beats," he said, after an instant's silence, in which Milly and his wife watched him with breathless anxiety; "it beats—he is not dead."

Leonie did not appear to have heard him; Milly was so close beside her that she caught the whisper—

"He loved me; he loved me—oh, Mark!"

"We must have a doctor—a surgeon," Milly said to Mr. Gleason.

The women servants who were standing about began to whimper at once, and the landlord turned them all out of the room without loss of time.

"There's a surgeon happens to be at Howell Corners," Mrs. Gleason said. "He's there on a visit to his sister—was hurt in the war. Send right off, husband."

The place she mentioned was only some six miles off; the barkeeper was a sensible man and could be trusted to do his errand speedily, so Gleason mounted him on his best horse and he set off.

As the landlord returned to the house, one of the servants handed him the revolver she had found on the parlor floor.

"There's a barrel empty," she sobbed;

"the poor gentleman must ha' shot himself unintentional."

Gleason went back to the room where his wife and Milly remained with Leonie, powerless to help her or the still form on the bed.

"It was an accident," he whispered to them. "One of the girls found a revolver on the floor."

Milly made no reply; frightened as she was, she could remember it was better this story should be believed, but in her own mind she felt confident that it was no accidental wound—there was some dreadful mystery which for Leonie's sake must be left undisturbed.

Mr. Gleason moved softly about, making such arrangements as his knowledge rendered possible, while Milly and his wife could only stand looking on, and Leonie Dormer crouched by the bed, moaning at intervals, the one word—

"Mark, Mark!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Rev. Albert Barnes, the distinguished Presbyterian minister and theologian, died suddenly on Saturday, in the 72d year of his age.

☞ Utah produced four hundred and seventy tons of silver in the month of July.

☞ An inquiring youth asks—Can a thin person properly be called a swell?

☞ Omaha offers half fare tickets to and from church on her street railways.

☞ Richmond has suffered another fiery calamity that, though inferior in the loss of life to the burning of the theatre and the fall of the capitol, was not without its features as a holocaust. The Spottswood Hotel and a block of adjacent buildings caught fire early Sunday morning, while the mercury marked five degrees, and the block and the hotel both seem to have been destroyed. Five lives are known to have been lost, and it is probable that more will be added.

☞ The North German army requires about one million of dollars a day.

☞ An enterprising Chicago boot-black made the trip to San Francisco in forty-five days by riding until put off the cars, which was at every station.

☞ An ex-mayor of Boston is now leader of a minstrel troupe.

☞ Hood died composing a humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished to urn a *Lively Hood*.

☞ A Paris correspondent writes that since the siege "the surviving cats of Paris are extremely shy, and no longer court on the roofs." Everything has its advantages.

☞ Fairmount Park is the largest park in this country, being much more than three times the size of the Central Park, New York. It is also much larger than the Bois de Bologne, at Paris, and is one of the very largest public parks in the world.

☞ By a very decided majority, the Legislature of Dakota has just rejected a female suffrage bill. Thus proving it is not "sound on the goose."

☞ Russia has lost since 1861, 10,350,000 children by small-pox.

☞ The original "John Brooks" of Louisa Alcott's "Little Women" died in East Malden on Saturday, at the age of thirty-seven, under the business name of John Brooks Pratt. He had been for ten years bookkeeper for the Central Iron Foundry there.

☞ A shoemaker at a New York auction purchased Drew's "Essay on Souls," thinking to add to his knowledge of the trade.

☞ There is a Servian prince in the Prussian army whose name is so long that a company of engineers have been ordered to level down the consonants and use it as a pontoon bridge.

☞ American pianos are popular in England, and can be found in many a London drawing-room.

☞ You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails.—*Ruskin.*

☞ The sinking of six English ships in the Seine by the Prussians has occasioned great indignation in London, and throughout England. The British vice-consul at Rouen has presented to the Prussian commander a formal protest against an act of spoliation committed upon British subjects. It was done for the purpose of impeding the navigation of the river. The crews were turned adrift to sleep on the ground, after they had been robbed of their money and other property.

☞ What more appropriate holiday gift can be made to a friend at a distance than to send a weekly newspaper, which will keep the donor in constant remembrance throughout the year?

☞ A New York correspondent writes:—The other day the front door of the New York Tribune office had to be closed for some purpose. So Horace Greeley wrote on a piece of paper, "Entrance on Spruce street," and sent it down to a man who does the printing of the bulletins to be copied. The man studied over Horace's tracks all the forenoon, and finally, and despair, wrote "Editors on a Spree," and posted it up. The passers-by thought the circumstance was not unusual; but wondered why it should be posted up so conspicuously.

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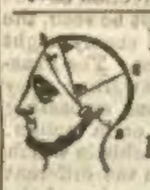

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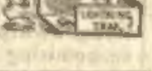

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Jenkins at Wilhelmshohe.

BY MARK TWAIN.

A remarkable feature of the present European war is the extraordinary candor of the prominent persons who have been engaged in it. From Bismarck to Napoleon, from Bazaine to William, the dignitaries have manifested a miraculous alacrity in the frank avowal of their intentions, plans, and projects, and have seemed happiest when making a clean breast of it to some newspaper correspondent. As a fair illustration of their amiable candor, I have condensed the following specimen from the New York Herald correspondent's recent interview with Napoleon.

As I was ushered into the reception room at Wilhelmshohe the Emperor arose (from a "luxurious fatuil," of course,) and advanced to welcome me with extended hand and an air of extreme gratification that put me perfectly at ease.

"Bung shoo, sire," said I, giving his hand a cordial shake. With the exquisite tact of a practiced courtier, his Majesty seized the occasion to pay me (and my countrymen) one of his neatest compliments. He said: "Perhaps we had better conduct our conversation in English. The fact is, you speak French with an accent that really shames us Parisians. I've often remarked this trait in accomplished Americans, and wondered at it." The Emperor's remarks were so unexpectedly flattering that it took my breath away for a moment; but under cover of a profound bow I recovered my fluency, and observed: "Such a compliment from your Majesty in happier days would have brought the entire American nobility to your feet." My indirect allusion to his misfortunes affected his Majesty profoundly. The tears that chased each other silently down his majestic and imperial purple nose and dripped in imperial sorrow from the waxed ends of his moustache might have moved a heart of stone, with a little assistance.

Surely, thought I, the Emperor who can thus weep at his own calamities cannot be utterly heartless.

When the Emperor had recovered his composure, and had his nose blown by the proper officer, I opened the conversation in a way that I thought least likely to offend his delicacy. I told him it was currently reported that he feathered his nest pretty well while Emperor, and I should take it as a special favor if he would tell me how much he had really stolen. In America, I told him, public men were expected to lay by something for a rainy day, and it would rather enhance our respect for him to be assured that he had exercised a like justifiable prudence. He replied: "My friend, I respect the Herald too much to deceive it. I *have* made a nice little thing of the whole, and my chamberlain shall provide you with an inventory of all that I have gobbled." I asked him if he owned any property in New York. "Well," said he, "I thought I owned the New York World a few months ago; but since the Sedan affair it has gone back on me." "Your Majesty was accused of treachery at Sedan. Was you really a traitor?" "Frankly," said he, "I think if I had tried I might have died at the head of the army, instead of surrendering. If this be treason, make the most of it." I said, "Sire, we Americans are very frank and straightforward, especially in asking questions. Now you needn't answer if you feel the least bit squeamish about it; but I should like to know, I really would be pleased to know, whether your father was a Bonaparte or a Dutch Admiral, as some have intimated?" His Majesty with great cheerfulness, replied, "So would I!"

The engaging freedom with which his Majesty unbosomed himself emboldened me to pursue my inquiries, and our conversation became almost confidential. I asked him if Eugenie was ever jealous. He replied: "Not as Empress; but as Mrs. Napoleon I have sometimes thought she was inclined to be a little too strict with me." I said: "Can you lay your hand on your heart, sire, and solemnly assure the Herald that you never gave her cause for jealousy?" The Emperor [musingly]—"You are right." At this point the Emperor seemed a good deal cut up, and sighed profoundly. Instead of answering my question explicitly, I was sorry to see him put both hands in his pocket instead of on his heart.

I told him he might deem me rather inquisitive, but if he knew how deeply interested we Americans were in such scandal, I was sure he would tell me all about the Bellanger intrigues referred to in his private correspondence, which was discovered at the Tuileries after the flight of the Empress. He said: "My friend, I am deeply touched by your friendly solicitude about my affairs. Your curiosity is tempered by an exquisite delicacy that disarms it of any power to offend. That correspondence, I"—a messenger from Berlin unhappily interrupted the Emperor's remarks at this point. I intended to have gradually drawn Napoleon to speak about private and personal topics, and should have succeeded, but for that interruption.

As I was about to withdraw, the Emperor embraced me with every mark of esteem, particularly on my shirt front, which he marked with his nose, in the ardor of his country. If the mark is indelible—and it has that appearance—I am a historic shirt ahead.—*Buffalo Express.*

Election Anecdotes.

Apropos of the recent elections, the following is capital, and will be especially relished by gentlemen who have been unsuccessful in their aspirations for office:

In one of the towns of Pennsylvania the freemen had for many years deposited their votes solidly for the Democratic candidates. Such a thing as a Whig or Republican was unknown, and prior to the Grant and Seymour campaign no local Republican ticket had ever been run. At that time, however, the politicians of an adjacent township thought it an opportune occasion to attempt the establishment, in that town, of a Republican organization. To this end they persuaded a certain Mr. Green, who had recently settled there, to become their candidate for some minor office, hoping to procure for him a few votes under the popularity of the great name of Grant, and thus to get an entering wedge in the local affairs of the township.

The day of election arrived, but Mr. Green was unable to get to the polls by reason of sickness. In due time the returns were published, and Mr. Green had just *one vote*. Chagrined at this, and annoyed by the accusation that he had voted for himself, he announced that if the person who had voted for him would come forward and make affidavit to the fact he would reward him with a good suit of clothes. A few mornings afterward a burly, stupid-looking Pennsylvania Dutchman called upon Mr. Green, and abruptly remarked:

"I vants dat suit of cloes."

"Ah!" said Mr. Green, "then you are the man that voted for me?"

"Yah; I am dat man."

"Are you willing to make an affidavit of it?"

"Yah; I swear to 'em."

Mr. Green, accompanied by the intelligent voter, went to the office of the Justice of the peace, and the required affidavit was made; after which the clothes were purchased and given to the deponent.

So delighted was Mr. Green to be relieved from the unpleasantness of his situation, and so glad to learn that there was another righteous man in the township, that he had taken the Dutchman's Republicanism as a matter of course. However, at parting, he said:

"Now, my friend, you have your suit of clothes, just answer me one question—How came you to vote for me?"

"You vants to know dat?"

"Yes."

"And you von't go back on de cloes?"

"No."

"Vell," said he, slowly, and with a sly twinkle of the eye, "den I tole you; *I makes a mistake in de dicket!*"

Wasn't that consolatory! Mr. Green avows his unalterable determination never again to appeal to popular suffrage for public position.

Mr. Greeley's Success in Agriculture.

At a late meeting of the Farmers' Club, Mr. Greeley exhibited a pumpkin of his own raising. As it embodied his solitary and crowning success, after several years of discouraging failure in pumpkin culture, the club surrounded it with uncovered heads and mingled emotions of surprise, admiration and envy. It was a superb fruit, and when Mr. G.'s hat was placed on it, to illustrate its size and symmetry, the hat and pumpkin seemed so perfectly adapted to each other, and together produced an effect so startling, that several enthusiastic members swore they would have known who raised that pumpkin if they had seen it anywhere. It is to be photographed by Gurney, and the next year's Tribune subscribers will receive copies. The pumpkin was the flattering product of one bushel of seed planted on the farm in Chambagne. Soon after blossoming, the vine manifested an inclination to wither. It was thereupon transplanted to a large flower-pot and removed to the town residence of its founder. For some time it pined and drooped, and they sat up nights with it, expecting that every moment would be its last, but with careful nursing it finally rallied and came up to maturity, as cherished and tough a pumpkin as ever grew. Dr. Sixhammers suggested that the result of Mr. G.'s indomitable struggle with this pumpkin showed how every city family should provide itself with pumpkin pie. He hoped to see the day when every window-sill in every city would be adorned with fructifying pumpkin-pots, and every workman's cottage embowered in pumpkin vines.

Mural Tablets.

Happy thought—to set up mural tablets on kitchen walls, commemorating the failings and merits of departed cooks, for the benefit of their successors—as thus:—

SUDDENLY,
in a
FIT OF TEMPER,
at
11½ *o'clock, A. M.*
On Tuesday, April 9, 1870.
BRIDGET O'FLAHERTY,
A GOOD COOK,
but
PEPPERY IN THE EXTREME!

Or thus:—

Departed this kitchen, without any warning,
Early St. Patick's Day in the morning,
A whole household to mourn her, one Margaret McShane,
Who even to get breakfast refused to remain.
The cause of this exit untimely you seek?
She could only go out seven nights in the week!

☞ One Sunday during the recent tour of the Prince of Wales through Scotland he attended church. Strangely enough, the lesson for the day was, "Put not your trust in Princes," &c., which the choir boys listened with ill-suppressed mirth.

☞ It is said the devil has many imps. We presume the following are among the number: Imp-erfection, Imp-etuosity, Imp-lacability, Imp-udence, Imp-ertinence, Imp-urity, Imp-iety, Imp-erviousness, Imp-risonment, Imp-rudence, and Imp-otence.

THE PURSUIT OF SCIENCE.

PRETTY, BUT SCIENTIFIC GOVERNESS.—"Pray can we obtain a specimen of this Mine?"

MINER (*gallantly.*)—"Well, Miss, this ere's a worked-out Mine, and us Two's the only specimens left. At your 'umble service, Miss, I'm sure!!"

The Prussian Camp.

A writer in an English paper gives some interesting details concerning the conduct of a Prussian camp. The Prussians always form their camp in the shape of a square, whatever may be the strength of the force obliged to bivouac. Their brigades, divisions, and army corps are distinguished by electric beacons, or ordinary lights covered with white or many-colored glasses, the object of which is, first, to mark the abode of the generals; secondly, to facilitate the communication of orders emanating from those in command. This mode of lighting might be introduced with advantage into the French army, for there have been many instances during the late campaign of orders from headquarters never reaching the generals at all. The Prussian camps are guarded by sentries scattered on the wings and fronts, thirty or forty paces from each other, taking care to cross each other continually, so as to prevent any soldier or stranger from going out without orders, or entering without a safe-conduct. The sentinels at the outposts are generally placed checkerwise, and united to the guards (who are placed in the manner prescribed by Frederick the Great) by little posts of cavalry charged with immediately informing the main body of any surprise. The fires are lit in the morning and let out at nightfall; no cooking is done by the Prussians when they arrive at the bivouac by night. There are some fires to show the general direction of the line of sentries, but they cannot be seen, the flank on the side which the enemy might attack being masked by slopes. The Prussians always throw up earthworks; they carefully avoid sounding clarions or beating drums, either in their camp or in action. Every officer or soldier has a whistle which enables the chiefs to perform the different calls and the men to give warning of the approach of the enemy, to call each other, and to seek their company when they have strayed. The Prussians never use the drum and clarion except in a conquered country, as, for example, the Meuse.

The Awkward Age.

Mrs. Julia Dorr, in The Household, says: "It is popularly supposed that boys must necessarily have a 'green' age—a time when they must be nuisances; a time when they will either be painfully bashful, or so rude and boorish as to make all who come in contact with them uncomfortable. This is a false idea, and one that is the parent of untold mischief. If a boy is never 'snubbed' at home; if he is treated politely as well as kindly by mother and sisters; if, particularly at that trying period when he is neither a little boy nor a full-grown man, he is made to feel that his presence is never unwelcome; if he is neither teased nor laughed at, but tenderly and wisely helped, he will pass over that Bridge of Sighs without knowing it."

The same idea may be equally well applied to girls. Nothing makes an overgrown girl of thirteen so awkward and uncomfortable as the self-consciousness brought about by the ridicule and harsh comments of older members of the family. Human plants, like vegetable ones, grow most freely and gracefully in sunshine.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Wastes we Suffer.

Few of us are aware of the extent of the losses we are suffering through the want of economising the waste or the sewerage of our large cities and centres of population. Fewer still, probably, have ever stopped to consider the amount of fertilizing material which is constantly poured into the sea through our rivers in the shape of organic matters held in solution, after first being abstracted from the soil. Over this source of waste, which is carried off in our streams, we have less control, it is true, than over the sewerage, or that portion added to our waters by the neglect or carelessness of man.

The most transparent and pure water of our streams and lakes contains more or less impurity, or an appreciable amount of solid substances, and even water from which all the insoluble matters have been allowed to subside still holds a large amount of foreign material in solution. The water of the Thames was found to contain twenty-three grains of solid matter after the subsidence or settling had taken place, and these impurities consisted of 11.10 parts of carbonate of lime; 4.78 parts of sulphate of lime; 1.88 parts of common salt; 1 part of silicic acid; and 2.79 of organic matter. But when we come within the range of the sewerage of cities which is poured into the sea in such vast quantities, the amount of these impurities is largely increased. To ascertain the extent of the waste from this source, the water of the Thames at the outlet of the sewers was carefully examined, samples being taken every half hour day and night for two hundred and eight days. These samples were mixed together at regular intervals and repeated analyses were made of them. The result showed an average of eight grains of ammonia to the gallon of dry weather sewerage. This represents an incredible amount of waste when the immense extent of the sewerage is taken into account.

But though the great sources of waste exist, no very efficient modes of prevention have ever yet been devised, except such as have been based upon utilising the waste material by irrigation. The earth-closet system has been thought to be suitable to small collections of houses, barracks, asylums and public institutions, where the most regular and systematic removal and renewal of the earth can be secured, but on a large scale it would become an intolerable nuisance. The Parisians in vain adopted and struggled on under a system analogous to this, the daily removal of the excreta, for which they provided separate receivers from those which held the other portions of the house sewerage. They carried on the plan for some time, but were compelled at last to abandon it.

The application of the sewerage of towns by way of irrigation is more practicable and in case of inland cities may be, and will, in the future, be adopted with advantage to the community. The practice of pouring the contents of their sewers into the streams will in time become intolerable. It has already contributed largely to drive the fish from our streams and in some cases to affect the sanitary condition of the people.

It is a problem for the civil engineer, perhaps, to settle, as to how far the sewerage or waste from our large towns can be made to subserve the purposes of agriculture. And it becomes of greater importance as the population increases.

We do not think the general results thus far attained in Great Britain, in the application and utilization of the waste of large towns have been satisfactory. But we feel confident that the time will come when necessity will lead to better methods and reach greater and more practicable results.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Bone Meal for Poultry.

The following is an extract from the Report of the Poultry Committee of the Bristol (Mass.) County Fair:—

"Last winter I procured two barrels of bone, intending to use it for Irish potatoes and other garden crops. My wife appropriated some of it for her roses in the flower garden, by simply strewing it on the surface of the ground around the bushes. The fowls have free access to the garden, and were discovered eating the meal very eagerly. Thinking it might be of service to them, we gave them some for several weeks, and I assure you it was but a short time before the eggs began to come in such numbers as we had never known before. If a nest was broken up to prevent a hen from sitting, it was but a few days before she was laying again, and thus it has continued to the present time. One hen has taken possession of a barrel that has some bone meal in it, and is laying in the meal. Whether she will lay the barrel full or not, time will show. My wife thinks that care and bone meal are great institutions for her poultry-yard, and very extraordinary in their effect, but as the hen has an unusual amount of cackling to do, fears it may bring on bronchitis. The manuring of hens to make them lay we think is original, but we have no idea of taking out a patent for it, and hence leave the discovery open to the use of all who may choose to try it."

Signs of Better Days.

We find evidence that the mass of reading men begin to think and demand information on the subject of agriculture. In fact, all our leading newspapers and influential journals now devote a portion of their space to the dissemination of information for the farmer. Farmers' clubs are organizing in all the leading towns, where farmers meet and exchange thoughts on the various topics connected with the farm. We now see heavy grown crops where only a few years ago a quaking bog was seen; better and more productive kinds of corn and wheat and potatoes are presented to the farmer for trial, with what results the papers inform us.

Superior breeds of cattle, sheep and swine are being introduced, and are rapidly spreading all over the country, and the mechanical genius of our land is applied to the construction of labor-saving machines. Go into one of our great agricultural warehouses, and then tell us if agricultural science is not on the march; and the man who tills the soil and takes no agricultural paper is behind the light, and does not go intelligently to work.—*Country Gentleman.*

Littering Yards.

Straw or otherwise littering sheep-yards in winter, in the most thorough manner, is a matter of prime importance. If sheep are compelled to stand or move about in mud or water whenever out of doors, the most liberal feeding and good management in every other particular will hardly preserve them in the best condition. They should have a comparatively dry out-door bed to stand on in wet weather. The sheep—or at least all the upland breeds of sheep—find one of the worst enemies of their health and thrift in habitual wetness under foot. Muddy yards prevent sheep from moving about out of doors and spending a portion of the time in the sun and fresh air in pleasant winter weather, promote fouls, render hoof rot incurable, and cause lameness and annoyance to sheep which have sound feet, when a sudden freeze converts the small pellets of mud which adhere to the hairs in the forward part of the cleft of the foot, into pellets of stone. A little straw is excellent feed for sheep. If it is scattered over the yard they will "pick it over," eating the best parts, and leaving enough to keep the littering constantly renewed.—*Maine Farmer.*

Gather the Leaves.

Forest leaves are excellent to supply the stable-yards, and where straw is scarce, also the cow-stables and hog-pens. They can be most conveniently gathered after the first snow, or at least before the wintry blasts have scattered them. They then lay compactly, and being moist can be handled with greater facility. A cart with a few standards stuck in the sides will hold a considerable quantity; and the best thing to gather them or load them with is a wooden hand rake; a wooden four-tined straw-fork is also very handy when the leaves are moist. Leaves absorb large quantities of the liquid manure, and are an excellent fertilizer in the spring. They can be gathered, too, when other labor about the farm is slack.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 56 letters.
My 6, 54, 21, 16, 45, was an ancient measure.
My 11, 18, 4, 24, 34, was an ancient musician.
My 14, 55, 2, 23, 36, was an ancient prophet.
My 20, 26, 31, 8, 12, was a celebrated man.
My 25, 1, 7, 43, 13, was an ancient city.
My 28, 19, 44, 4, 47, was an ancient king.
My 30, 41, 35, 16, 45, was an ancient officer.
My 32, 21, 39, 52, 31, was an ancient animal.
My 37, 1, 49, 27, 10, was an ancient river.
My 40, 56, 53, 3, 22, was an ancient town.
My 44, 8, 29, 33, 5, was an ancient measure.
My 46, 37, 29, 42, 41, was an ancient mountain.
My 48, 17, 7, 39, 9, was an ancient plant.
My 53, 23, 50, 15, was a precious stone.
My whole is a verse in the Bible.
Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Enigma.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 6, 14, 19, 2, 11, is a township in Hamilton county, Ohio.
My 1, 10, 23, 8, 3, 13, is a contributor to The Riddler.
My 15, 24, 22, 16, 3, 7, is a lady's name.
My 17, 18, 4, 20, 12, 15, was a deity of the woods.
My 5, 9, 14, is an animal.
My 21, 17, 9, is a poisonous serpent.
My whole is a city and state.
DOT AND DASH.
Plainville, Ohio.

Riddle.

My 1st is in two, but not in one,
My 2d is in moon, but not in sun;
My 3d is in run, but not in walk,
My 4th is in corn, but not in stalk;
My 5th is in eel, but not in trout,
My 6th is in in, but not in out;
My 7th is in steel, but not in take,
My whole is a slim, long, crooked lake.
Honeytown, Ind. PHILIP.

Algebraical Problem.

A party of 3 persons engage in throwing dice, on certain conditions. In the first game A forfeits to all the others, respectively, as many dollars as each of them had; in the second game B forfeited to all the others, respectively, as many dollars as each of them *then* had; and so on, till each had in turn forfeited to all the others in the same way, when it was found that each had $16. How many dollars had each at first?

☞ Send answers to "Post," solutions to
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the best way to make a Venetian blind? Ans.—Put his eyes out of course.

☞ What county of Scotland is the best to get a foot-hold in? Ans.—Bute.

☞ What man is most looked up to? Ans.—The man in the moon.

☞ How can you distinguish a wealthy man? Ans.—By the Croesus in his face.

☞ When is a fish-pond like a bird-cage? Ans.—When there is a perch in it.

☞ When does an editor play a singular trick with grammar? Ans.—When he declines an article.

☞ Why is a monk's company unpleasant? Ans.—Because he usually has his cowl on.

Answers to Last.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—Discovery of oxygen gas by Joseph Priestly. ENIGMA—Wit and Humor. RIDDLE—Undine.

Answer to R. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Oct. 16th—99.23 plus wine gallons. R. P. Norton, Joseph S. Phebus.

Answer to Ego Geo's PROBLEM of Nov. 5th—40 minutes. Ego Geo, Joseph S. Phebus.

Answers to R. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—1566.6 plus solid inches. R. P. Norton, Joseph S. Phebus.

RECEIPTS.

HAMS.—Take as much water as will cover your hams; salt enough to bear an egg, so that the egg will show above the pickle as large as a shilling, 1½ heaping tablespoonfuls for each ham, and molasses enough to make it the color of cider or of good molasses and water; let them lay in pickle 6 weeks. Do not pack them too tight; keep them well covered with pickle, and remove all scum. Take them out and hang to dry. When dry outside commence smoking; a light mahogany color is best, and bag before the flies come. Hickory or apple-tree chips are best for smoking. The above are superior to the mode of dry salting and rubbing, as practiced by some; also less trouble, and making a more juicy and highly flavored ham.
S. P. N.

The following is the method of curing hams, which took the first Premium of the Maryland Agricultural Society, in 1854:—To each green ham of 18 lbs. 1 dessertspoonful saltpetre, and ½ lb. brown sugar, applied to the fleshy side of the ham and about the hock; cover the fleshy side with fine salt, an inch thick, and pack away in tubs: to remain from 5 to 6 week, according to size. Before smoking rub off any salt that may remain on the ham, and cover well with ground black pepper, particularly about the bone and hock.

SALAD OF CABBAGE.—Red cabbage makes a delicious winter salad when lettuces, etc., are scarce, and is very pretty. Cut up half a head of raw, red cabbage into small shreds; mix with it four heads of white celery, also cut small; decorate with sliced beet-root, and the white of a hard-boiled egg. Put half a pint of vinegar on to boil, beat up the yolk of an egg with a little salt and Cayenne, pour the boiling vinegar on the yolk, stir it well, and pour it over the cabbage. This is nice with roast beef, hot or cold.

FRENCH JUMBLES.—One pound and a half of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, three eggs; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in one-half cup of milk; add this, also one nutmeg, and roll out the dough, and cut into small cakes of any shape, and bake them in a quick oven.